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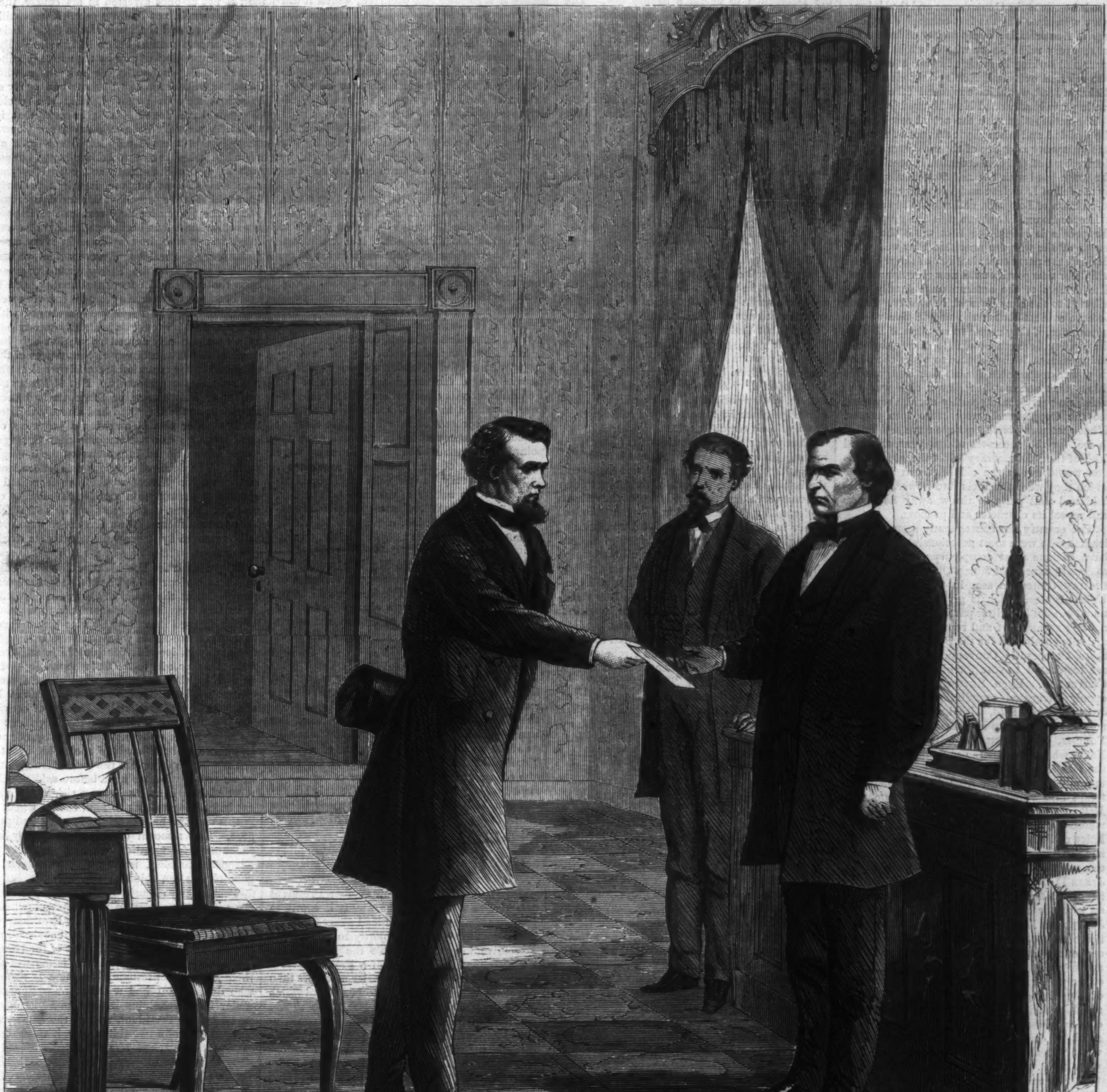


GEORGE T. BROWN, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE SENATE, SERVING THE SUMMONS ON PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 195.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE New Hampshire election shows at least that there is not a universal and irresistible reaction. It shows that the people will not allow their dissatisfaction with some measures of public policy, and with certain aspects of the situation of the country, to betray them into a surrender of power into the hands of the political allies of the rebellion. It would have been a subject of very serious apprehension if the Democratic party, under the championship of such persons as HENRY CLAY DEAN, MONTGOMERY BLAIR, CHAUNCEY C. BURR, and D. W. VOORHEES, had succeeded in New Hampshire. For certainly it should be enough for every man who sincerely loves liberty, and who believes in intelligence and a high sense of national honor as its foundations, that every man who is hostile to the Government and the Union; every worshiper of "the lost cause;" every enemy of free schools; every inciter of hatred of race; every rebel leader who is unchanged in heart and lurking in foreign lands; every man who rejoiced over Bull Run and scowled when Richmond fell, would have rejoiced if the Democratic party had carried New Hampshire.

The satisfaction with the actual result, with the decided and triumphant success of the Republican party after one of the most earnest and determined of political contests, is precisely of the same kind with the satisfaction occasioned by the fall of Donelson and Vicksburg, with the re-election of LINCOLN, and with the surrender at Appomattox. It shows that the purpose of the people is inflexible; that while the great issues of the war are unsettled they will work through the party organizations of the war, and will defer new parties until new questions arise. The defeats of the autumn undoubtedly contributed to the New Hampshire victory. It has become evident that if the people give way to impatience, if they refuse to sustain the Republican party because of dislike of certain men and measures, if they choose to make the party in power responsible for all the disagreeable things that necessarily follow a civil war and which no party could possibly avoid, they must see the Copperhead party come into power. What that party is the people have not failed to see, for the successes of last year, the fond faith of the "Democracy" that the great reaction would sweep the old Southern policy of which they were the tools into power, has emboldened that party to throw away its masks and reveal its character and purpose.

The country has consequently seen that the leaders who were most notoriously Copperhead have become most conspicuous. PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM stump Ohio, and VALLANDIGHAM contests a seat in the Senate of the United States, which is given to another less noted but not less bitter partisan. PENDLETON, a frank secessionist and repudiator, is enthusiastically nominated for the Presidency by many State Democratic Conventions, and delegates are instructed to vote for him at the National Convention. Even SEYMOUR, who has not openly advocated repudiation, formally withdrew from the field, with how much sincerity may be inferred from his previous career. ISAAC TOUCEY, Mr. BUCHANAN'S Secretary of the Navy, who scattered the navy in order to help the rebellion, cheered by the apparent reaction, makes himself heard from the national contempt into which he has fallen, to prophesy a Democratic victory in New Hampshire and elsewhere which "will undo all the damnable legislation of Congress," and place the South "where she can govern herself without the tyrannical interposition of a miserable rump of a Congress." JESSE D. BRIGHT, who was expelled from the Senate at the beginning of the war for sending an inventor of fire-arms to "His Excellency, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederation of States," and who now declares that he was opposed to the war from the beginning to the end, and never intends "to vote for paying a dollar of the principal of the debt," is made President of the Democratic Convention of Kentucky, and is nominated as a Democratic Presidential elector. Meanwhile the Democratic papers and speakers deride more bitterly than ever the word "loyal," which is simply the description of a man wholly true to the Union during the war; and, sure of the reaction, the party sends into New Hampshire speakers who talk but too plainly, and who do not even try to conceal their fierce hatred of the freedmen and of the Union soldiers. The country has seen that the Democratic party proposes to enter upon the political campaign of 1868 with a platform of repudiation, of negro hate, of restoration of the Southern States to the exclusive political control of those who are hostile to the Government, and with all the cruel injustice and increasing perilous agitation that are implied in the cry of "white man's government;" in one word, with the determination to plunge the country as far as possible back into the condition which produced a terrible war, and to do this by every kind of appeal to the meanest of human passions and motives.

To this intention of the Democratic party, now plainly perceived, the result of the New Hampshire election is the first emphatic response. The victory has been greatly helped by the association of the name of General GRANT with the successful party. That name is the assurance of firmness, moderation, and sagacity. The victory was achieved under the leadership of one of GRANT'S soldiers, General HARRIMAN, and was contested upon national, and not upon local issues. The result of the elections in some of the Eastern cities, as for instance in Portland, have been claimed as Democratic triumphs. They were, however, decided upon local questions; that in Portland, for example, was a temperance division. The great multitude of temperance men in Maine and in the country agree, politically, with the Republican party. But the Republican candidate for mayor of Portland was very warmly opposed to prohibitory legislation, and upon that ground many of the Republicans, who were decided temperance men, voted against him. So in the Massachusetts Legislature the Prohibitionists unite with the Democrats to defeat a license law. The city elections in the State of New York also are necessarily affected by local considerations, and can not safely be regarded as political indications. But in New Hampshire the question was really national. General HARRIMAN was the representative of General GRANT and the Republican policy, and Mr. SINCLAIR was the representative of the Copperhead reaction. We are devoutly grateful that the head of that old snake has been again bruised, and sincerely trust that in November it will be ground under the heel of an intelligent and liberty-loving people.

THE PRESIDENT'S POWER OVER THE CABINET.

THE Impeachment of the President is earnestly resisted on the ground that he is entitled to a Cabinet in unison with him. We have already shown in previous articles that the Constitution did not contemplate the creation of a Cabinet, but that one has grown up from the custom of successive administrations. We repeat, however, the whole of the clause conferring on the President power over the Heads of Departments: "*He may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.*"

This power clearly negatives the idea that a much higher power over them was intended to be conferred, and negatives that also that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to create a Cabinet. The duties of the officers indicated by the description of "the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments" are not specified in the Constitution; but Congress, under the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution"......the "powers vested by this Constitution......in any department or officer thereof," have, from time to time, created various departments and changed those duties at pleasure. Did the Constitution intend that the President, at all times and under all circumstances, shall have in those departments such officers as he shall think proper? The power conferred on him in the selection of the Heads of Departments is that he shall "*nominate* and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate appoint" them. It was intended that he should take the *advice* of the Senate on that head, and after obtaining their *consent* appoint. General WASHINGTON construed the Executive power "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties," as intending that he should in advance take such advice. In the proceedings, in 1789, of the First Congress, will be found a note from General WASHINGTON, addressed to the Senate, informing them that he would meet them at their chamber, to take their advice on the formation of an Indian treaty, for which purpose the Senate passed a resolution to receive him at the time mentioned. They met and consulted together; and such was no doubt the intention of the Constitution. The language of the power with respect to officers is somewhat different; but that the Senate was to advise with the President on that subject is very clear. The practice has doubtless been abandoned from the multiplicity of nominations and appointments. The language contemplated intimate relations between the Senate and the President on that subject. It will be recollected that Mr. STANTON, under the Tenure-of-Office Act, was suspended by President JOHNSON, and that General GRANT was appointed Secretary *ad interim* under the authority of that act. The suspension of Mr. STANTON was reported to the Senate as having been made for some of the causes of objection which the act enumerates, but they were deemed insufficient, and Mr. STANTON was restored. This action amounted to the Senate's *advice* on that subject, and was equivalent to the refusal of the Senate to consent to Mr. STANTON'S removal. In defiance of such *advice* and of the plain intent of the Tenure-of-Office Act, the President removed Mr. STANTON. This, as we have seen, constitutes one of the grounds of impeachment.

Mr. STANTON'S removal was proof not only of a want of cordiality between the President and the Senate, but of a wide difference between them, and it is scarcely to be expected that the Senate, which is invested with the power "to advise and consent" to appointments, would use the power in order to arm the President with an officer in hostility—in the gravest matters of public concern—not only to the Senate, but also to the House of Representatives. Such an officer, if appointed, would add to the power of the President to obstruct the action of Congress. Indeed, with the complete command of the War Department and of the army and all the material of war, the President might defy the popular branch of the Government. The President's course furnished just grounds of suspicion that his motives in appointing General THOMAS to the control of that Department were such as could not be tolerated. All laws conflicting with the Tenure-of-Office Act having been in terms repealed by it, there was no such office as the "Secretary of War *ad interim*," except in the contingency of *suspension*. *Removal*, not *suspension*, was resorted to, and hence the chief clerk was to act as custodian of the books and papers if a *vacancy* had occurred, which it did not; but the President chose to assume that there was a *vacancy* against the fact, and to order General THOMAS to fill it. The order was in the nature of a military order from the Commander-in-Chief to a subordinate, who was directed in a wholly illegal manner to take possession of the Department. These extraordinary proceedings show that Congress was right in withdrawing from the President the power of removal which the act of 1789 assumed that he possessed, and in declaring that it should be exercised only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The Secretary of War is, in ordinary times, when there is perfect accord between all the branches of the Government, as important to Congress as to the President. It is in the power of Congress at any time to abolish the office, and to create it again at their pleasure. If they can destroy and create at pleasure, may not Congress say that this officer shall not be removed except by the same ceremonies that were required before appointment?—that is to say, the Senate's advice and consent.

Mr. MADISON undoubtedly argued in Congress in favor of the President's power; but, as he was one of the recognized authors of the *Federalist*, he was clearly committed to the doctrine advanced in the 77th No. of that work, that "the consent of that body (the Senate) would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint." The names of the several authors were not at the time of their publication announced, and hence it may be said (although Mr. HAMILTON was the author of that article) that Mr. MADISON abandoned, when supporting WASHINGTON'S administration, a position which he advanced to secure the adoption of the Constitution.

"Where a man" (said Mr. HAMILTON) "in any station had given satisfactory evidence of his fitness for it, a new President would be restrained from attempting a change in favor of a person more agreeable to him, by the apprehension that a discountenance of the Senate might frustrate the attempt, and bring some degree of discredit upon himself."

These are the words of one of the authors of the Constitution, of its most distinguished commentator, and of a Cabinet officer afterward of the highest authority. They do not sustain the haughty claims made in the President's behalf, as if he were "the sole disposer of offices." The President has *encroached upon this distribution of power* in face of the advice of the Senate deliberately given, in face of the solemn decision of Congress, and, it now appears, in face of the true meaning of the Constitution.

THE PRECEDENT OF IMPEACHMENT.

"IT is a pity to show how easily a President can be removed," say some. "It is a pity to make a precedent that will lead every Congressional opposition in the majority to remove the Executive," say others. To the first remark we reply that the removal of a President for a clear violation of law is no easier a process than the Constitution intended it to be. And which is the greater pity—that the Executive should continue to impose his veto after its constitutional expiration, until he can procure the judgment of the Supreme Court, or that an Executive which refuses to obey the law should be legally removed? And if the President should be removed, is it "easily" done? Let us see:

When the proposition was originally made, more than a year ago, the universal feeling among those who had elected Mr. JOHNSON was that, although he was strenuously endeavoring to baffle the intentions of the people as expressed by their representatives, yet he was ingeniously keeping within the letter of the law; while, to make sure of a successful impeachment, technical guilt was necessary. His conduct in connection with the New Orleans massacre; his reeling tour and maudlin speeches in the summer of 1866, might, of themselves—as it seemed to many—have justified a charge of "misdemeanor," if nothing more. But it was remarked that while he coarsely insulted Congress he yet recognized its authority; and the good-sense of the country concluded that it was expedient to await the ordinary method of an election to remove an obstacle to its will. This conclusion was more emphatically declared by the enormous majority against impeachment at the opening of the present session, when the laws that had been passed over the veto of the President had made his efforts to paralyze the equitable reconstruction of the Union still more abortive. His malevolence was evident; but although a great misfortune to every national interest by perplexing and prolonging national pacification, it was better to endure it to the end than to impeach without palpable and technical guilt which should satisfy every one who was not skeptical of every thing that Congress could do.

Under plea of testing the constitutionality of a law by making a case for the Supreme Court, the President violated the law. He had now supplied the technical offense. His whole career, and the immediate circumstances of the case, tended to show that his act was tentative merely. There could be no reasonable doubt that, if not at once arrested in his course, the President would not hesitate to take steps still more daring; and the same House that a little more than two months before had so decidedly opposed impeachment now by the whole Republican vote impeached. We ask those who think the impeachment will show how easily a President may be removed, what else could Congress have done? If it be said that it might have awaited the opinion of the Court, we reply that it could only have done so, if at all, when it had reason to believe in the honest purpose of the President; and even if it had been sure of that purpose, it might properly have said that the precedent was too dangerous. For if the Executive may continue to impose his veto when it has been constitutionally overruled, in one case, he may do so in every case.

If, indeed, President LINCOLN had vetoed any law passed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, upon the ground of unconstitutionality, and it had been passed over his veto, we can very well understand that he might have arranged with Congress that it should be judicially determined by a case mutually agreed upon; but only because of the extraordinary circumstances of the time and of the remarkable confidence that was reposed in him personally. But if BRECKINRIDGE, or PENDLETON, or SEYMOUR had been President at the time, and had directly violated the law under plea of awaiting a judgment of the Court, we can not imagine that Congress would have delayed impeachment for a single week. The declared opinions and antecedents of those three persons would have furnished a conclusive presumption against the loyalty of their intentions. Congress could not safely have trusted them. If an Executive were ever to be removed by impeachment, the case would have arisen.

It is so with the President. The only thing consistently clear in his brief story is the intention to thwart the policy of Congress. Hostility to Congress is his monomania, and when having opposed its will by his veto he continues to defy the two-thirds vote, Congress is brought to the alternative of impeaching him, or of suffering its vote of two-thirds to be wholly disregarded by the Executive until the Supreme Court has decided whether the law passed by that vote is constitutional. In case of conviction we can not think that the President is "easily" removed because he is guilty of such an offense. If the law is of such a kind that it can not be tested unless the Executive violates it, we repeat what we have before said that he must violate it at his risk; a risk which may not indeed be perilous to him, except when, as in this case, he has revealed his spirit and purpose. The removal of the President by impeachment for violating a law upon plea of its unconstitutionality, is a precedent which no good citizen can object to seeing made.

That a party majority in the House will hereafter naturally resort to impeachment when a mere difference arises with the President we have no fear. This is not a difference with the President; it is, in the judgment of the House, a violation of law. As for party majorities and their action we presume that there is nobody who doubts that had a Democratic Congress under its slaveholding leaders found itself opposed by the President, and at the same time in command of a two-thirds vote, it would have promptly impeached him if he had refused to obey a law passed over his veto until the Supreme Court could move in the matter. The present impeachment is a party measure, undoubtedly, but no more than the opposition to it; and it is necessarily a party measure, because the law which the Executive violated was passed by a party majority. Impeachment contemplates a political offense, among others, and the trial is of necessity a political trial. It need not therefore be strictly and offensively partisan, although, as the members of a great party naturally sympathize upon political questions, it will almost inevitably assume a party aspect. Yet it must be always remembered that the Republican majority refused to impeach the President for betraying the cause which he was elected to serve. He is impeached not for treason to his party, but for violating the law which he had sworn to execute. If he be removed it

can not be said that a Republican Congress punished a President because he differed in opinion, but because, against the Constitution, he endeavored to make his opinion law.

THE WEST AND REPUDIATION.

It is pleasant to know that it is a mistake, although a very general one, to suppose that the West as a section unanimously demand repudiation. There are weighty official voices of the business interests of that part of the country which pronounce against it most earnestly, and which declare with the power and simplicity of truth the soundest principles, exposing with equal insight the fallacy of the common argument of the repudiators. There is, indeed, at St. Louis a quarto weekly newspaper just established which is devoted to the great cause of national dishonor. It is not surprising to find that it is the project of a man who during the war was one of the most faithful allies of the rebels. Its introductory article speaks of President LINCOLN as "one of those grotesque moral monsters who, secretly conscious of his own meanness, was always trying to appear honorable without the intellectual and moral ability to be so." The paper is a fair illustration of the real significance of repudiation. It is the attempt of the defeated rebellion to make the country pay for victory by a loss of honor.

That Senator SHERMAN mildly implies repudiation under the guise of an elaborate system of exchange of bonds, and that General BUTLER advocates merely paying "according to the letter of the law," and that the patriotic fidelity of both of those gentlemen is unquestionable, does not alter the case. For if the country can not pay the debt which it contracted for the support of the war, exactly as it has hitherto paid all other debts, it is undeniably dishonored; and that is what the spirit of rebellion would most gladly see. If Senator SHERMAN and General BUTLER take the ground they occupy because they are afraid that the Republican party can not maintain itself upon any other, they admit that that party stoops to dishonor in order to continue to lead a demoralized country. It is a mistake. For if the country means to repudiate, under whatever fine name, it will follow an original and sincere repudiator like PENDLETON, and not the reluctant and doubting proselytes.

It is painful to reflect that the reaction from the elevation of feeling during the war has gone so far that we are now gravely considering whether we will pay our debts. Mr. Petroleum Nasby states the case with his usual point. Bigler owed Bascom at the Corners a little amount covered by a note which was bearing interest. But after pondering the wisdom of Pendleton and Butler for some time, Bigler demanded the note of Bascom, and insisted that he should accept in payment a note that bore no interest. He had suffered the intolerable pressure too long. He could not pay interest to Bascom any more than to the Government. Nothing was so convenient to Bigler as to pay his debts with his neat note-of-hand; and the astute Bigler appropriated this happy idea from that accomplished financier Mr. Wilkins Micawbar. The paper at St. Louis, of which we have spoken, maintains the financial principles of Messrs. Micawber and Bigler, but without their entertaining ability. On the other hand, we observe that the committee on finance and the currency of the late Commercial Convention in Boston—a committee composed of twenty-one Western and ten Eastern members—reported a resolution emphatically against any kind of repudiation. The Convention passed it unanimously, and when the President, Mr. FOX of St. Louis, announced the result, the whole Convention rose and cheered. The debt undoubtedly, as an extremely sagacious critic suggests, will not be paid by cheers for the national honor. But it will certainly not be paid by sneers at the national honor.

The Committee of Finance also of the Chicago Common Council have recently made an admirable report to that body upon certain resolutions demanding that the contraction of the currency be stopped, and that the present volume of currency be increased to the amount already withdrawn by the Secretary of the Treasury. As, however, the contraction has been stopped, the Committee devote their Report entirely to the second resolution proposing inflation. In a very clear and conclusive manner the Report refutes some of the popular fallacies in regard to the financial question. Thus to attribute the stagnation of commerce, as is so frequently done, to a scarcity of the currency, is a great mistake. It is the decrease of consumption or demand which occasions depreciation of commodities. Trade is more prostrated in the Eastern cities than at the West, while money has gone begging in New York at four and five per cent. per annum. This truth, to which the Chicago Committee refers, is still more remarkable in Europe. Mr. GÖSCHEN, member of Parliament for London, and one of the ablest of its financiers, has lately called attention in the Edinburgh *Review* to the fact that money in England is at two per cent. per annum, and but little higher upon the Continent. Sixty millions sterling are stored in the banks of England and France, yet commercial enterprise stagnates, there are vast failures, trade is from hand to mouth, and there is no credit. Why, then, should we assume as the cause of stagnation in our business that which does not exist where the stagnation is greater?

Moreover, contraction having been stopped, the volume of the currency is fixed at seven hundred millions of dollars. This is twice what it was before the war. During the war, of course, the necessity of mobilizing a part of the capital of the country required an extraordinary volume of currency. But with trade upon a legitimate peace-level, does it require in 1868 more than double the amount of currency that was sufficient in 1860? The friends of an increase of the currency forget that greenbacks are not money—they are only certificates of indebtedness, at least so long as it is intended to redeem them at some time. Hence to demand an increase of the currency is really to demand an increase of the national debt. Besides, every issue of "legal tender" paper is a forced loan, which is justified by the dire extremity of a nation fighting for its life. But to issue millions of them now when no extreme necessity can be pleaded, is to announce that the nation does not know or care whether it can ever redeem its promises.

The proposition that the Five-Twenties ought to be "redeemed" in paper as fast as paper may be required for a circulating medium is characterized by the Chicago Committee as a proposition forcibly to convert an interest-bearing loan, secured by the public faith, into a compulsory non-interest-bearing loan, with very little promise of its redemption. The common understanding of all civilized nations, of hundreds of thousands of our own farmers, tradesmen, laborers, widows, and orphans who invested in these bonds, made the Five-Twenties payable in coin. The borrower may wriggle out of this understanding, and escape the law if there be no court before which to arraign him, but he can not escape the public judgment of dishonesty. If the Western States should be supposed to be more favorable to repudiation because they are more in need than the Eastern States of foreign capital to develop their resources, and are, therefore, debtor States rather than creditor States, it should, on the other hand, be remembered that they can not expect to be trusted with that capital if they show a disposition to pettifog and dispute and sophisticate upon the simple and honest payment of the national debt. And Chicago as the chief Western city should be especially careful of its own honor, nor hesitate to escape the fatal fallacies and dangers that are involved in the scheme of repudiation.

In the bold and vigorous statement of these cardinal truths the Chicago Committee have done the whole country a service, and have certainly helped to remove the stigma from the West of favoring repudiation. The effect of so terrible a mistake would not be local or sectional—it would be national. It would be the disaster in which we should all fall down.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIAL.

The impeachment trial opened with great dignity and tranquillity. The President, by his counsel, asked for forty days to prepare his answer; which request, after due deliberation, was declined, and the 23d of March was appointed as the day upon which he must answer. To this answer the Managers of the House make a replication, and the Senate resolved that unless otherwise ordered, for cause shown, the trial should at once proceed. There certainly can be no reason for such delay as the President requested. Mr. NELSON, one of the President's counsel, urged that the great claim of judicial proceedings upon public respect and confidence is that they hasten slowly. But Mr. NELSON surely does not forget that the law's delay is one of the most ancient and intolerable of grievances. The circumstances of this trial demand as much promptness as is consistent with deliberate justice, and there is no variety of charges which fairly compels postponement.

The spectacle of the trial, in itself so simple, is imposing from the considerations which attend it. That the official chief of one of the great nations can be removed by legal process, absolutely and peremptorily from his position, is a truth which seems to us a matter of course, because, until the rebellion, our traditions and our training had not prepared us for any thing but the peaceful rule of law. But to other nations so great a change would seem to be the necessary signal of vast civil commotions. One great reason, indeed, for the calmness of the public mind is undoubtedly that the President has no political party behind him. He is impeached and tried by the party that elected him, and the Democratic party merely attacks the Impeachment as it would any other grave measure upon any grave public question which the Republican party might adopt. There is no partisan sympathy for the President. The Democrats who denounce the Republicans are very careful to say that they are no friends of the President; and many of them, indeed, must feel that if a man who so disgraces the highest office in the land can be properly and justly removed, it is not a misfortune.

If, however, the President had been elected by the Democratic party, it is impossible to say whether the same tranquillity would have prevailed. A party which, in half the country, conducted its campaign of 1860 by a threat of civil commotion if it were defeated, and in the other half tolerated the threat without protest and palliated and half justified it; whose chief leaders actually rose in rebellion because they were outvoted; a party whose orators are very fond of speaking of "the physical force" upon their side, and whose fierce and constant cry is of hostility to the poorest and most friendless class of the population, is not a party of which tranquil submission to the law is to be expected as of course. If the perpetuity of a peaceful acquiescence in the Constitutional methods of relief from political difficulties were intrusted to the Democratic party, we should not feel quite as sure of it as we do of the regular recurrence of seed-time and harvest.

It is fair to presume, however, under the circumstances, that the removal of the President, should such be the judgment, will be accomplished without trouble. If the Managers shall decide to press the article offered by General BUTLER the trial must take a wide range, and must last for a long time. If, however, they confine themselves to the immediate occasion of impeachment the proceedings need not occupy many days. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS says, indeed, that that occasion is not sufficient, but the country seldom agrees with Mr. STEVENS's opinions however it honors his indomitable persistence in the course he sincerely adopts. The trial of the President will undoubtedly furnish another illustration of the practical value of our political system.

AT THE FRONT.

The extracts which we lately published from the Montgomery *Daily Mail* and other papers show the spirit now prevailing among the late rebels at the South. The denunciation and persecution of Union men are as bitter as those of anti-slavery men before the war, and nothing but the presence of the military authority prevents the personal maltreatment of those who are guilty of devotion to the Union and fidelity to the principles of the Government. The Tuscaloosa *Monitor* of the 12th of February publishes "A list of those who have plunged headlong down into the loathsome abyss of INFAMY!!!" After printing the names, it adds:

"The above so-called white men, we are assured, swallowed the 'whole hog, bristles and all!' Old man Boyd, it will be remembered, attended the grand Constitutional Union meeting in this place on the 11th Jan. ult., and made a long, loud Conservative speech—so long, that he had to be requested to stop, to enable the Committee to report. It is understood he had been prior to that time the head-centre of one of the Loyal Leagues in this county. He was received by the Conservatives in good faith, supposing that he was a returned prodigal or converted Saul. Like the miserable viper which stung the bosom that nestled it, he has proven himself to be a traitor and a hypocrite! Of course we speak of him as of having voted for the vile Constitution. If he has any denial to make, our columns are open for the publication of said denial; and if he can *prove* that he did not vote for said Constitution we will gladly retract the foregoing unmeasured condemnation.

"Some of the others we know, some we do not know, and *all* we never wish to know save to shun their filthy touch. Let every honest man cut them off from trade, from recognition, from humanity! Vice must be thus crushed in its incipiency, or we will never be able to separate it from Virtue. Let every man prove himself by his acts. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit should be cut down. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

"There are not enough *mean* men in Tuscaloosa to support them; and if all the *good* men will avoid them, socially and financially, they will have to seek more congenial latitudes, till they finally reach a latitudinal h—ll!"

Subsequently the same paper contained the following communication from a "Conservative," directed against a peaceful Union citizen of the town, a man seventy years old:

"HERE'S YOUR GYASTICUTIS.

"MR. EDITOR,—You have for some time been blowing about your 'Great unwashed,' and now I desire to present to the clean public my 'Great washed Radical.' This animal takes its name from the fact of its perigrinating daily to the University Bath-House, and there wallowing in the water. He has washed off every principle of decency and honor, and nothing is left except his hide, dirt, and three feet—I say three feet, for each foot is eighteen inches long. His feet are 'tremenjuus,' which may be a blessing to him, as their weight will break his neck so soon when he is hung. He is supposed to be of a literary turn of mind (by the ignorant) from the fact of his keeping a book-store. He is proverbial, principally, for not paying store-rent and for having very large feet. I think it your duty to advise all decent men to cease buying books from him, and let him keep a nigger book-store, as the African scent seems so odorous to his proboscis.

"Yours, anti-Radically, BOOMERANG."

These extracts show the state of feeling not among a few persons, but, as every one familiar with the facts knows, among the mass of those who are called "Conservatives" by themselves, and "the people of the South" by Democratic newspapers and orators at the North. Contrast with this ribaldry the calm and manly reply of the person assailed, who, after alluding to his age, says:

"I voted for the adoption of the Constitution, believing that the best interests of the country would be promoted thereby, and would do it again a thousand times over.

"The cry about negro supremacy and social equality is all fudge. Social equality regulates itself; and as for negro supremacy, thirty millions of white people (and there will soon be fifty millions in the U. S.) can never be controlled by four millions of negroes.

"I do assure my Democratic fellow-citizens that the course they are pursuing, and I doubt not honestly, will bring confiscation upon the property of this country. The Republican party will control the Government during this generation. They will carry every State in the approaching Presidential election except Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware.

"In 1860 I warned our people, as hundreds can testify who heard me, that the dissolution of this Union and the abolition of slavery were synonymous terms; that it was only a question of time. I was sneered at then, as I am now. I hope my fellow-citizens will award to me the same privileges, as a freeman, that they claim for themselves."

It is satisfactory to know that so long as the United States keep the peace in Tuscaloosa the man who writes in this strain to the newspapers will not be hung at his own shop-door by an "anti-Radical" Vigilance Committee. But should the "Conservative" policy be adopted; and the power in the State of Alabama be committed exclusively to the hands of "Boomerang," and the sympathizers with the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, and the Montgomery *Mail*, and the Mobile *Tribune*, how long would such letters be written to the papers, and how long would their authors and the loyal voters be tolerated? If the people of the United States abandon their faithful fellow-citizens in Alabama and elsewhere, who are now "at the front" of the great political contest, by refusing to sustain the general policy of Congress, those fellow-citizens may well ask whether it had not been better for them to secure protection by helping the rebellion.

"AMERICA AND THE EAST."

GENERAL JAMES L. KIERNAN, United States Consul to China, will lecture on "America and the East, particularly China and Japan—our present and future relations," at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, March 27. General KIERNAN has traveled extensively in the East, is an accurate and practical observer, and will give his hearers valuable and interesting information on a question of growing importance to the commerce of America.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

The Senate on March 6 finished the long discussion on the right of the President *pro tem.* to act as a member of the Court by the withdrawal of the objections of Mr. HENDRICKS, and that officer was duly sworn in. On the same day the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to serve the summons of the Court on the President, it being made returnable on March 13, to which time the Senate as a Court adjourned.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Mr. GEORGE T. BROWN, waited on President JOHNSON at the White House on the afternoon of March 7, and was at once admitted to the room of that official. Mr. JOHNSON received him standing at his table, attended only by his private Secretary, Colonel W. G. MOORE. The ceremony was very brief. Mr. BROWN announced his business in a few words, and handed the President the writ, which he read, and returning it said he "would attend to the matter." Our engraving on the front page is an accurate representation of this interesting scene.

On March 13 the Court reassembled, and the Managers on the part of the House and the Counsel of the President, consisting of Messrs. HENRY STANBERY, who resigned his position as Attorney-General of the United States to defend Mr. JOHNSON, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, J. L. BLACK, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, and THOMAS A. R. NELSON, at once took their places for the trial. The President through his counsel entered a plea asking for forty days to prepare his defense; and the counsel united in asking the same time. It was, however, denied; ten days were deemed sufficient for preparation, and the trial was set to begin on March 23.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE New Hampshire gubernatorial election took place on March 10, and resulted in the triumph of the Republican ticket by a majority of 3000.

The Democratic Convention of New York assembled at Albany on March 11, and adopted a declaration of principles, but made no recommendations for President and Vice-President.

The Georgia Reconstruction Convention adjourned on March 11, having finished its labors by adopting a constitution.

Governor Baker, of Louisiana, an appointee of General Hancock, has been arrested and held to bail on a charge of perjury in taking the oath of office.

The Republican Convention of Pennsylvania met at Philadelphia on March 11, and decided unanimously for General Grant as the choice of the party for next President.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention met on March 12, and recommended General Grant and Senator Wilson as its candidates for President and Vice-President.

The South Carolina Republican State Convention met in Charleston on March 12, and nominated a colored man named Cordoza for Secretary of State. Half the delegates elected to attend the National Convention at Chicago are negroes.

Major-General Thomas, commanding in Tennessee, telegraphed General Grant on March 13 that the ex-rebels of that State were organizing for the purpose of resisting the execution of State law. General Grant telegraphed a reply directing General Thomas to take such measures as he may think proper, and call for all the troops he may want.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRUSSIA has offered to arbitrate the *Alabama* claims, and Lord Stanley is said to be willing to submit the question of indemnity, but not other points.

Sandwich Island advices to February 26 state that at the recent elections some of the plantation hands marched to the polls with the American flag at their head and the Hawaiian flag at the rear of the procession.

The English army in Abyssinia has thus far cost $20,000,000 gold without having really entered on the campaign, or having fought even a skirmish with the enemy.

A tornado visited Toronto on March 16, destroying $50,000 worth of property.

DEATH OF DANIEL LORD.

DANIEL LORD, one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, died on March 4, aged seventy-three years. He had been for half a century a member of the legal profession, and for forty years of that time among the most prominent of American advocates. He was more particularly acquainted with commercial and insurance law, and numbers of the great suits of this character in which he was engaged are now famous as our precedents, and the arguments advanced in them by Mr. LORD and others are considered by the legal authorities as sound, indisputable law. For many years Mr. LORD was the attorney of JOHN JACOB ASTOR and the ASTOR family generally. The former made him one of the executors of his vast estate, and also one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Mr. LORD was held in the highest regard by the profession generally, and in the various courts of the city proper action of respect for his memory was taken, and eulogies of the deceased were made.

RUNNING THE FIRE-GUARD.

WE illustrate on this page a peculiarity of Western farming which will be new to most of our readers. To fully comprehend the sketch it must be remembered, first, that wood is very scarce and valuable on the prairies, and also that the fires which sweep for miles across the plains are very destructive. As a general thing, the dry season of the West is in the fall and early winter—another peculiarity of that peculiar country—and the fires naturally prevail mostly about that time. To guard the fences on his farm from these fires the farmer plows up several furrows parallel to each fence on the uncultivated or prairie side, from which the fire which consumes the prairie-grass is to be expected. This breaks the "continuity of the fire-current," as one old farmer expressed it to our artist, and the fire is brought to a stop in that direction. After harvest the farmer is often busy for days in running these guards in anticipation of fires, and when one by accident or procrastination loses his fences he considers himself most unfortunate indeed.

It is when the fire comes unexpectedly, before the crops are in and the fences guarded, or, as sometimes happens, when the fire-fiend comes from the wrong direction, against which no preparation has been made, that the scene depicted in the sketch occurs. It is not true—as has been sometimes stated, and as was generally believed years ago, when we supposed the great West was a great sandy desert—that prairie-fires move with lightning rapidity. They move fast enough, it is true, but often the farmer who sees the fires in the distance is enabled to hastily run a fire-guard on the unguarded side of his fences in time to save his property; but it is a work requiring a quick and steady hand, and is not unattended with danger.

THE MEXICAN RAILROAD.

WE have heretofore given considerable space to accounts and illustrations of the Mount Cenis, Union Pacific, Central Pacific, and other remarkable railroad enterprises which have served to display the engineering skill of the age. Another road only less remarkable in this respect is that which is now building between Vera Cruz and Mexico City, and which crosses the Sierra Madre Mountains through the gorge or Pass of the Mule (*Paso de la Mula*), near the peak Las Cumbres. This mountain peak is 2500 feet high, and is described by our artist as one solid wall of granite. The work of grading through the pass in order to form a secure and substantial road-bed required great skill, and was found to be very expensive. The mountain-sides are very steep, and numerous small brooks rush down them into the gorge. In order to protect the road-bed from these torrents it was found necessary to construct works of solid masonry which bind the grade to the sides of the granite rock. The ascent of the gorge is made by very heavy gradients and numerous sharp curves; and altogether this road is one of the most difficult now building, and will be quoted as among the greatest triumphs of engineering skill.

THE LATE DANIEL LORD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]

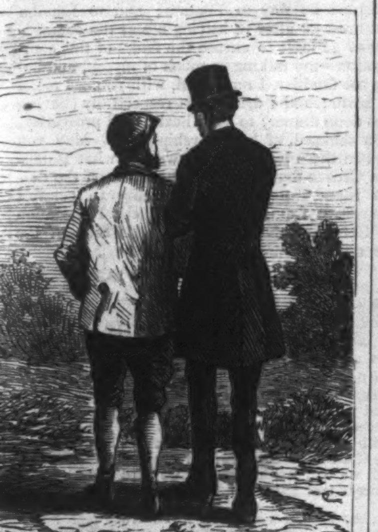
THE WESTERN PRAIRIE FARMER RUNNING THE "FIRE-GUARD."—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

I WALKED to the window to compose myself. The rain had given over; and, who should I see in the court-yard but Mr. Begbie, the gardener, waiting outside to continue the dog-rose controversy with Sergeant Cuff.

"My compliments to the Sairgent," said Mr. Begbie, the moment he set eyes on me. "If he's minded to walk to the station I'm agreeable to go with him."

"What!" cries the Sergeant, behind me, "are you not convinced yet?"

"The deil a bit I'm convinced!" answered Mr. Begbie.

"Then I'll walk to the station!" says the Sergeant.

"Then I'll meet you at the gate!" says Mr. Begbie.

I was angry enough, as you know—but how was any man's anger to hold out against such an interruption as this? Sergeant Cuff noticed the change in me, and encouraged it by a word in season. "Come! come!" he said, "why not treat my view of the case as her ladyship treats it? Why not say, the circumstances have fatally misled me?"

To take any thing as her ladyship took it was a privilege worth enjoying—even with the disadvantage of it's having been offered to me by Sergeant Cuff. I cooled slowly down to my customary level. I regarded any other opinion of Miss Rachel than my lady's opinion or mine with a lofty contempt. The only thing I could *not* do was to keep off the subject of the Moonstone! My own good sense ought to have warned me, I know, to let the matter rest—but, there! the virtues which distinguish the present generation were not invented in my time. Sergeant Cuff had hit me on the raw, and, though I did look down upon him with contempt, the tender place still tingled for all that. The end of it was that I perversely led him back to the subject of her ladyship's letter. "I am quite satisfied myself," I said. "But never mind that! Go on as if I was still open to conviction. You think Miss Rachel is not to be believed on her word; and you say we shall hear of the Moonstone again. Back your opinion, Sergeant," I concluded, in an airy way. "Back your opinion."

Instead of taking offense Sergeant Cuff seized my hand and shook it till my fingers ached again.

"I declare to Heaven," says this strange officer, solemnly, "I would take to domestic service to-morrow, Mr. Betteredge, if I had a chance of being employed along with You! To say you are as transparent as a child, Sir, is to pay the children a compliment which nine out of ten of them don't deserve. There! there! we won't begin to dispute again. You shall have it out of me on easier terms than that. I won't say a word more about her ladyship or about Miss Verinder—I'll only turn prophet, for once in a way, and for your sake. I have warned you already that you haven't done with the Moonstone yet. Very well. Now I'll tell you, at parting, of three things which will happen in the future, and which, I believe, will force themselves on your attention, whether you like it or not."

"Go on!" I said, quite unabashed, and just as airy as ever.

"First," said the Sergeant, "you will hear something from the Yollands—when the postman delivers Rosanna's letter at Cobb's Hole on Monday next."

If he had thrown a bucket of cold water over me, I doubt if I could have felt it much more unpleasantly than I felt those words. Miss Rachel's assertion of her innocence had left Rosanna's conduct—the making the new night-gown, the hiding the smeared night-gown, and all the rest of it—entirely without explanation. And this had never occurred to me till Sergeant Cuff forced it on my mind all in a moment!

"In the second place," proceeded the Sergeant, "you will hear of the three Indians again. You will hear of them in the neighborhood, if Miss Rachel remains in the neighborhood. You will hear of them in London, if Miss Rachel goes to London."

Having lost all interest in the three jugglers, and having thoroughly convinced myself of my young lady's innocence, I took this second prophecy easily enough. "So much for two of the three things that are going to happen," I said. "Now for the third!"

"Third, and last," said Sergeant Cuff, "you will, sooner or later, hear something of that money-lender in London, whom I have twice taken the liberty of mentioning already. Give me your pocket-book, and I'll make a note for you of his name and address—so that there may be no mistake about it if the thing really happens."

He wrote accordingly on a blank leaf: "Mr. Septimus Luker, Middlesex Place, Lambeth, London."

"There," he said, pointing to the address, "are the last words, on the subject of the Moonstone, which I shall trouble you with for the present. Time will show whether I am right or wrong. In the mean while, Sir, I carry away with me a sincere personal liking for you, which I think does honor to both of us. If we don't meet again before my professional retirement takes place, I hope you will come and see me in a little house near London, which I have got my eye on. There will be grass walks, Mr. Betteredge, I promise you, in *my* garden. And as for the white moss-rose—"

"The deil a bit ye'll get the white moss-rose to grow, unless ye bud him on the dogue-rose first," cried a voice at the window.

We both turned round. There was the everlasting Mr. Begbie, too eager for the controversy to wait any longer at the gate. The Sergeant wrung my hand, and darted out into the court-yard, hotter still on his side. "Ask him about the moss-rose, when he comes back, and see if I have left him a leg to stand on!" cried the great Cuff, hailing me through the window in his turn. "Gentlemen both," I answered, moderating them again as I had moderated them once already, "in the matter of the moss-rose there is a great deal to be said on both sides." I might as well (as the Irish say) have whistled jigs to a mile-stone. Away they went together, fighting the battle of the roses without asking or giving quarter on either side. The last I saw of them Mr. Begbie was shaking his obstinate head, and Sergeant Cuff had got him by the arm like a prisoner in charge. Ah, well! well! I own I couldn't help liking the Sergeant—though I hated him all the time.

Explain that state of mind if you can. You will soon be rid now of me and my contradictions. When I have reported Mr. Franklin's departure, the history of the Saturday's events will be finished at last. And when I have next described certain strange things that happened in the course of the new week, I shall have done my part of the Story, and shall hand over the pen to the person who is appointed to follow my lead. If you are as tired of reading this narrative as I am of writing it—Lord, how we shall enjoy ourselves on both sides a few pages further on!

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAD kept the pony-chaise ready, in case Mr. Franklin persisted in leaving us by the train that night. The appearance of the luggage, followed down stairs by Mr. Franklin himself, informed me plainly enough that he had held firm to a resolution, for once in his life.

"So you have really made up your mind, Sir?" I said, as we met in the hall. "Why not wait a day or two longer, and give Miss Rachel another chance?"

The foreign varnish appeared to have all worn off Mr. Franklin, now that the time had come for saying good-by. Instead of replying to me in words, he put the letter which her ladyship had addressed to him into my hand. The greater part of it said over again what had been said already in the other communication received by me. But there was a bit about Miss Rachel added at the end which will account for the steadiness of Mr. Franklin's determination, if it accounts for nothing else.

"You will wonder, I dare say" (her ladyship wrote), "at my allowing my own daughter to keep me perfectly in the dark. A Diamond worth twenty thousand pounds has been lost—and I am left to infer that the mystery of its disappearance is no mystery to Rachel, and that some incomprehensible obligation of silence has been laid on her, by some person or persons utterly unknown to me, with some object in view at which I can not even guess. Is it conceivable that I should allow myself to be trifled with in this way? It is quite conceivable, in Rachel's present state. She is in a condition of nervous agitation pitiable to see. I dare not approach the subject of the Moonstone again until time has done something to quiet her. To help this end I have not hesitated to dismiss the police-officer. The mystery which baffles us baffles him too. This is not a matter in which any stranger can help us. He adds to what I have to suffer; and he maddens Rachel if she only hears his name.

"My plans for the future are as well settled as they can be. My present idea is to take Rachel to London—partly to relieve her mind by a complete change, partly to try what may be done by consulting the best medical advice. Can I ask you to meet us in town? My dear Franklin, you, in your way, must imitate my patience, and wait, as I do, for a fitter time. The valuable assistance which you rendered to the inquiry after the lost jewel is still an unpardoned offense, in the present dreadful state of Rachel's mind. Moving blindfold in this matter you have added to the burden of anxiety which she has had to bear, by innocently threatening her secret with discovery, through your exertions. It is impossible for me to excuse the perversity which holds you responsible for consequences which neither you nor I could imagine or foresee. She is not to be reasoned with—she can only be pitied. I am grieved to have to say it, but, for the present, you and Rachel are better apart. The only advice I can offer you is, to give her time."

I handed the letter back, sincerely sorry for Mr. Franklin, for I knew how fond he was of my young lady; and I saw that her mother's account of her had cut him to the heart. "You know the proverb, Sir," was all I said to him. "When things are at the worst, they're sure to mend. Things can't be much worse, Mr. Franklin than they are now."

Mr. Franklin folded up his aunt's letter, without appearing to be much comforted by the remark which I had ventured on addressing to him.

"When I came here from London with that horrible Diamond," he said, "I don't believe there was a happier household in England than this. Look at the household now! Scattered, disunited—the very air of the place poisoned with mystery and suspicion! Do you remember that morning at the Shivering Sand, when we talked about my uncle Herncastle, and his birthday gift? The Moonstone has served the Colonel's vengeance, Betteredge, by means which the Colonel himself never dreamed of!"

With that he shook me by the hand, and went out to the pony-chaise.

I followed him down the steps. It was very miserable to see him leaving the old place, where he had spent the happiest years of his life in this way. Penelope (sadly upset by all that had happened in the house) came round crying, to bid him good-by. Mr. Franklin kissed her. I waved my hand as much as to say, "You're heartily welcome, Sir." Some of the other female servants appeared, peeping after him round the corner. He was one of those men whom the women all like. At the last moment I stopped the pony-chaise and begged as a favor that he would let us hear from him by letter. He didn't seem to heed what I said—he was looking round from one thing to another, taking a sort of farewell of the old house and grounds. "Tell us where you are going to, Sir!" I said, holding on by the chaise, and trying to get at his future plans in that way. Mr. Franklin pulled his hat down suddenly over his eyes. "Going?" says he, echoing the word after me. "I am going to the devil!" The pony started at the word as if he felt a Christian horror of it. "God bless you, Sir, go where you may!" was all I had time to say before he was out of sight and hearing. A sweet and pleasant gentleman! With all his faults and follies, a sweet and pleasant gentleman! He left a sad gap behind him when he left my lady's house.

It was dull and dreary enough when the long summer evening closed in on that Saturday night.

I kept my spirits from sinking by sticking fast to my pipe and my Robinson Crusoe. The women (excepting Penelope) beguiled the time by talking of Rosanna's suicide. They were all obstinately of opinion that the poor girl had stolen the Moonstone, and that she had destroyed herself in terror of being found out. My daughter, of course, privately held fast to what she had said all along. Her notion of the motive which was really at the bottom of the suicide failed, oddly enough, just where my young lady's assertion of her innocence failed also. It left Rosanna's secret journey to Frizinghall, and Rosanna's proceedings in the matter of the night-gown, entirely unaccounted for. There was no use in pointing this out to Penelope; the objection made about as much impression on her as a shower of rain on a water-proof coat. The truth is, my daughter inherits my superiority to reason—and, in respect to that accomplishment, has got a long way ahead of her own father.

On the next day (Sunday), the close carriage, which had been kept at Mr. Ablewhite's, came back to us empty. The coachman brought a message for me, and written instructions for my lady's own maid and for Penelope.

The message informed me that my mistress had determined to take Miss Rachel to her house in London on the Monday. The written instructions informed the two maids of the clothing that was wanted, and directed them to meet their mistresses in town at a given hour. Most of the other servants were to follow. My lady had found Miss Rachel so unwilling to return to the house, after what had happened in it, that she had decided on going to London direct from Frizinghall. I was to remain in the country, until further orders, to look after things indoors and out. The servants left with me were to be put on board wages.

Being reminded by all this of what Mr. Franklin had said about our being a scattered and disunited household, my mind was led naturally to Mr. Franklin himself. The more I thought of him the more uneasy I felt about his future proceedings. It ended in my writing, by the Sunday's post, to his father's valet, Mr. Jeffco (whom I had known in former years), to beg he would let me know what Mr. Franklin had settled to do on arriving in London.

The Sunday evening was, if possible, duller even than the Saturday evening. We ended

"SHE LIMPED A STEP NEARER TO ME, AND LOOKED AS IF SHE COULD HAVE EATEN ME ALIVE."

the day of rest as hundreds of thousands of people end it regularly, once a week, in these islands—that is to say, we all anticipated bedtime, and fell asleep in our chairs.

How the Monday affected the rest of the household I don't know. The Monday gave *me* a good shake up. The first of Sergeant Cuff's prophecies of what was to happen—namely, that I should hear from the Yollands—came true on that day.

I had seen Penelope and my lady's maid off in the railway with the luggage for London, and was pottering about the grounds when I heard my name called. Turning round I found myself face to face with the fisherman's daughter, Limping Lucy. Bating her lame foot and her leanness (this last a horrid drawback to a woman, in my opinion), the girl had some pleasing qualities in the eye of a man. A dark, keen, clever face, and a nice clear voice, and a beautiful brown head of hair counted among her merits. A crutch appeared in the list of her misfortunes. And a temper reckoned high in the sum total of her defects.

"Well, my dear," I said, "what do you want with me?"

"Where's the man you call Franklin Blake?" says the girl, fixing me with a fierce look as she rested herself on her crutch.

"That's not a respectful way to speak of any gentleman," I answered. "If you wish to inquire for my lady's nephew, you will please mention him as Mr. Franklin Blake."

She limped a step nearer to me, and looked as if she could have eaten me alive. "*Mr.* Franklin Blake?" she repeated after me. "Murderer Franklin Blake would be a fitter name for him."

My practice with the late Mrs. Betteredge came in handy here. Whenever a woman tries to put *you* out of temper turn the tables, and put *her* out of temper instead. They are generally prepared for every effort you can make in your own defense but that. One word does as well as a hundred; and one word did it with Limping Lucy. I looked her pleasantly in the face; and I said—"Pooh!"

The girl's temper flamed out directly. She poised herself on her sound foot, and she took her crutch and beat it furiously three times on the ground. "He's a murderer! he's a murderer! he's a murderer! He has been the death of Rosanna Spearman!" She screamed that answer out at the top of her voice. One or two of the people at work in the grounds near us looked up—saw it was Limping Lucy—knew what to expect from that quarter—and looked away again.

"He has been the death of Rosanna Spearman?" I repeated. "What makes you say that, Lucy?"

"What do you care? What does any man care? Oh! if she had only thought of the men as I think she might have been living now!"

"She always thought kindly of *me*, poor soul," I said; "and, to the best of my ability, I always tried to act kindly by *her*."

I spoke those words in as comforting a manner as I could. The truth is, I hadn't the heart to irritate the girl by another of my smart replies. I had only noticed her temper at first. I noticed her wretchedness now—and wretchedness is not uncommonly insolent, you will find, in humble life. My answer melted Limping Lucy. She bent her head down, and laid it on the top of her crutch.

"I loved her," the girl said softly. "She had lived a miserable life, Mr. Betteredge—vile people had ill-treated her and led her wrong—and it hadn't spoiled her sweet temper. She was an angel. She might have been happy with me. I had a plan for our going to London together like sisters, and living by our needles. That man came here, and spoiled it all. He bewitched her. Don't tell me he didn't mean it, and didn't know it. He ought to have known it. He ought to have taken pity on her. 'I can't live without him—and, oh Lucy, he never even looks at me.' That's what she said. Cruel, cruel, cruel! I said, 'No man is worth fretting for in that way.' And she said, 'There are men worth dying for, Lucy, and he is one of them.' I had saved up a little money. I had settled things with father and mother. I meant to take her away from the mortification she was suffering here. We should have had a little lodging in London, and lived together like sisters. She had a good education, Sir, as you know, and she wrote a good hand. She was quick at her needle. I have a good education, and I write a good hand. I am not as quick at my needle as she was—but I could have done. We might have got our living nicely. And, oh! what happens this morning? what happens this morning? Her letter comes, and tells me she has done with the burden of her life. Her letter comes, and bids me good-by forever. Where is he?" cries the girl, lifting her head from the crutch, and flaming out again through her tears. "Where's this gentleman that I mustn't speak of, except with respect? Ha, Mr. Betteredge, the day is not far off when the poor will rise against the rich. I pray Heaven they may begin with *him*. I pray Heaven they may begin with *him*."

Here was another of your average good Christians, and here was the usual break-down, consequent on that same average Christianity being pushed too far! The parson himself (though I own this is saying a great deal) could hardly have lectured the girl in the state she was in now. All I ventured to do was to keep her to the point—in the hope of something turning up which might be worth hearing.

"What do you want with Mr. Franklin Blake?" I asked.

"I want to see him."

"For any thing particular?"

"I have got a letter to give him."

"From Rosanna Spearman?"

"Yes."

"Sent to you in your own letter?"

"Yes."

Was the darkness going to lift? Were all the discoveries that I was dying to make, coming and offering themselves to me of their own accord? I was obliged to wait a moment. Sergeant Cuff had left his infection behind him. Certain signs and tokens, personal to myself, warned me that the detective-fever was beginning to set in again.

"You can't see Mr. Franklin," I said.

"I must, and will, see him."

"He went to London last night."

Limping Lucy looked me hard in the face, and saw that I was speaking the truth. Without a word more she turned about again instantly toward Cobb's Hole.

"Stop!" I said. "I expect news of Mr. Franklin Blake to-morrow. Give me your letter and I'll send it on to him by the post."

Limping Lucy steadied herself on her crutch and looked back at me over her shoulder.

"I am to give it from my hands into his hands," she said. "And I am to give it to him in no other way."

"Shall I write and tell him what you have said?"

"Tell him I hate him. And you will tell him the truth."

"Yes, yes. But about the letter—?"

"If he wants the letter, he must come back here and get it from Me."

With those words she limped off on the way to Cobb's Hole. The detective-fever burned up all my dignity on the spot. I followed her and tried to make her talk. All in vain. It was my misfortune to be a man—and Limping Lucy enjoyed disappointing me. Later in the day I tried my luck with her mother. Good Mrs. Yolland could only cry and recommend a drop of comfort out of the Dutch bottle. I found the fisherman on the beach. He said it was "a bad job," and went on mending his net. Neither father nor mother knew more than I knew. The one chance left to try was the chance, which might come with the morning, of writing to Mr. Franklin Blake.

I leave you to imagine how I watched for the postman on Tuesday morning. He brought me two letters. One, from Penelope (which I had hardly patience enough to read), announced that my lady and Miss Rachel were safely established in London. The other, from Mr. Jeffco, informed me that his master's son had left England already.

On reaching the metropolis Mr. Franklin had, it appeared, gone straight to his father's residence. He arrived at an awkward time. Mr. Blake, the elder, was up to his eyes in the business of the House of Commons, and was amusing himself at home that night with the favorite parliamentary plaything which they call "a private bill." Mr. Jeffco himself showed Mr. Franklin into his father's study. "My dear Franklin! why do you surprise me in this way? Any thing wrong?" "Yes; something wrong with Rachel; I am dreadfully distressed about it." "Grieved to hear it. But I can't listen to you now." "When can you listen?" "My dear boy! I won't deceive you. I can listen at the end of the session, not a moment before. Good-night." "Thank you, Sir. Good-night."

Such was the conversation inside the study, as reported to me by Mr. Jeffco. The conversation outside the study was shorter still. "Jeffco, see what time the tidal train starts to-morrow morning." "At six-forty, Mr. Franklin." "Have me called at five." "Going abroad, Sir?" "Going, Jeffco, wherever the railway chooses to take me." "Shall I tell your father, Sir?" "Yes; tell him at the end of the session."

The next morning Mr. Franklin had started for foreign parts. To what particular place he was bound nobody (himself included) could presume to guess. We might hear of him next in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. The chances were as equally divided as possible, in Mr. Jeffco's opinion, among the four quarters of the globe.

This news—by closing up all prospect of my bringing Limping Lucy and Mr. Franklin together—at once stopped any further progress of mine on the way to discovery. Penelope's belief that her fellow-servant had destroyed herself through unrequited love for Mr. Franklin Blake was confirmed—and that was all. Whether the letter which Rosanna had left to be given to him after her death did, or did not, contain the confession which Mr. Franklin had suspected her of trying to make to him in her lifetime, it was impossible to say. It might be only a farewell word, telling nothing but the secret of her unhappy fancy for a person beyond her reach. Or it might own the whole truth about the strange proceedings in which Sergeant Cuff had detected her, from the time when the Moonstone was lost to the time when she rushed to her own destruction at the Shivering Sand. A sealed letter it had been placed in Limping Lucy's hands, and a sealed letter it remained to me and to every one about the girl, her own parents included. We all suspected her of having been in the dead woman's confidence; we all tried to make her speak; we all failed. Now one, and now another, of the servants—still holding to the belief that Rosanna had stolen the Diamond and had hidden it—peered and poked about the rocks to which she had been traced, and peered and poked in vain. The tide ebbed, and the tide flowed; the summer went on, and the autumn came. And the Quicksand, which hid her body, hid her secret too.

The news of Mr. Franklin's departure from England on the Sunday morning, and the news of my lady's arrival in London with Miss Rachel on the Monday afternoon, had reached me, as you are aware, by the Tuesday's post. The Wednesday came, and brought nothing. The Thursday produced a second budget of news from Penelope.

My girl's letter informed me that some great London doctor had been consulted about her young lady, and had earned a guinea by remarking that she had better be amused. Flower-shows, operas, balls—there was a whole round of gayeties in prospect; and Miss Rachel, to her mother's astonishment, eagerly took to it all. Mr. Godfrey had called; evidently as sweet as ever on his cousin, in spite of the reception he had met with, when he tried his luck on the occasion of the birthday. To Penelope's great regret, he had been most graciously received, and had added Miss Rachel's name to one of his Ladies' Charities on the spot. My mistress was reported to be out of spirits, and to have held two long interviews with her lawyer. Certain speculations followed, referring to a poor relation of the family—one Miss Clack, whom I have mentioned in my account of the birthday dinner, as sitting next to Mr. Godfrey, and having a pretty taste in Champagne. Penelope was astonished that Miss Clack had not called yet. Surely she would not be long before she fastened herself on my lady as usual!—and so on, and so on, in the way women have of girding at each other, on, and off, paper. This would not have been worth mentioning but for one reason. I hear you are likely to meet with Miss Clack. In that case, don't believe what she says of me.

On Friday nothing happened—except that one of the dogs showed signs of a breaking-out behind the ears. I gave him a dose of sirup of buckthorn, and put him on a diet of pot-liquor and vegetables till further orders. Excuse my mentioning this. It has slipped in somehow. Pass it over please. I am fast coming to the end of my offenses against your cultivated modern taste. Besides, the dog was a good creature, and deserved a good physicking; he did indeed.

Saturday, the last day of the week, is also the last day in my narrative.

The morning's post brought me a surprise in the shape of a London newspaper. The handwriting on the direction puzzled me. I compared it with the money-lender's name and address as recorded in my pocket-book, and identified it at once as the writing of Sergeant Cuff.

Looking through the paper eagerly enough, after this discovery, I found an ink-mark drawn round one of the police reports. Here it is at your service. Read it as I read it, and you will set the right value on the Sergeant's polite attention in sending me the news of the day:

"LAMBETH.—Shortly before the closing of the court, Mr. Septimus Luker, the well-known dealer in ancient gems, carvings, intagli, etc., etc., applied to the sitting magistrate for advice. The applicant stated that he had been annoyed, at intervals throughout the day, by the proceedings of some of those strolling Indians who infest the streets. The persons complained of were three in number. After having been sent away by the police, they had returned again and again, and had attempted to enter the house on pretense of asking for charity. Warned off in the front, they had been discovered again at the back of the premises. Besides the annoyance complained of, Mr. Luker expressed himself as being under some apprehension that robbery might be contemplated. His collection contained many unique gems, both classical and Oriental, of the highest value. He had only the day before been compelled to dismiss a skilled workman in ivory carving from his employment (a native of India, as we understood) on suspicion of attempted theft; and he felt by no means sure that this man and the street-jugglers of whom he complained, might not be acting in concert. It might be their object to collect a crowd, and create a disturbance in the street, and, in the confusion thus caused, to obtain access to the house. In reply to the magistrate, Mr. Luker admitted that he had no evidence to produce of any attempt at robbery being in contemplation. He could speak positively to the annoyance and interruption caused by the Indians, but not to any thing else. The magistrate remarked that, if the annoyance were repeated, the applicant could summon the Indians to that court, where they might easily be dealt with under the Act. As to the valuables in Mr. Luker's possession, Mr. Luker himself must take the best measures for their safe custody. He would do well perhaps to communicate with the police, and to adopt such additional precautions as their experience might suggest. The applicant thanked his worship and withdrew."

One of the wise ancients is reported (I forget on what occasion) as having recommended his fellow-creatures to "look to the end." Looking to the end of these pages of mine, and wondering for some days past how I should manage to write it, I find my plain statement of facts coming to a conclusion, most appropriately, of its own self. We have gone on, in this matter of the Moonstone, from one marvel to another; and here we end with the greatest marvel of all—namely, the accomplishment of Sergeant Cuff's three predictions in less than a week from the time when he had made them.

After hearing from the Yollands on the Monday, I had now heard of the Indians, and heard of the money-lender, in the news from London—Miss Rachel herself, remember, being also in London at the time. You see, I put things at their worst, even when they tell dead against my own view. If you desert me, and side with the Sergeant, on the evidence before you—if the only rational explanation you can see is, that Miss Rachel and Mr. Luker must have got together, and that the Moonstone must be now in pledge in the money-lender's house—I own I can't blame you for arriving at that conclusion. In the dark I have brought you thus far. In the dark I am compelled to leave you with my best respects.

Why compelled? it may be asked. Why not take the persons who have gone along with me so far up into those regions of superior enlightment in which I sit myself?

In answer to this I can only state that I am acting under orders, and that those orders have been given to me (as I understand) in the interests of truth. I am forbidden to tell more in this narrative than I knew myself at the time. Or, to put it plainer, I am to keep strictly within the limits of my own experience, and am not to inform you of what other persons told me—for the very sufficient reason that you are to have the information from those other persons themselves at first hand. In this matter of the Moonstone the plan is, not to present reports, but to produce witnesses. I picture to myself a member of the family reading these pages fifty years hence. Lord! what a compliment he will feel it, to be asked to take nothing on hearsay, and to be treated in all respects like a Judge on the Bench.

At this place, then, we part for the present, at least—after long journeying together, with a companionable feeling, I hope, on both sides. The devil's dance of the Indian Diamond has threaded its way to London; and to London you must go after it, leaving me at the country-house. Please to excuse the faults of this composition—my talking so much of myself, and being too familiar, I am afraid, with you. I mean no harm; and I drink most respectfully (having just done dinner) to your health and prosperity, in a tankard of her ladyship's ale. May you find in these leaves of my writing what Robinson Crusoe found in his Experience on the desert island—namely, "something to comfort yourselves from, and to set in the Description of Good and Evil, on the Credit Side of the Account."—Farewell.

THE END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

THREE MEETINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea;
When I love my friend and my friend loves me:
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be—
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do;
And then dropped, conquered: while over those slain
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air:
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;
When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine,
And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?
But outward, onward, as spirits must go:
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

DAVID'S DOOR.

IF young Burtis and his mother had considered the subject from more than one point of view they would have seen that they were preparing trouble for themselves. The relationship existing between them was daily ignored under circumstances which promised that at any time it might be denied. The woman was employed to keep the rooms of the Treasury Building in order, and her son was a clerk in one of the offices. She found employment there on application to Mr. Abeel, who knew her husband when he was a bank-note engraver, that is, in the days of his prosperity. For Burtis lost his eyesight early in life, when there was a prospect of long years before him.

In her extremity the wife consulted with the chief officer in the Treasury Department, and he could suggest nothing better than a housekeeper's oversight of the offices—a menial occupation, but offering certain advantages. Nobody about the building knew her or her history, the work was not laborious, and it would be liberally paid. And the circumstances were desperate. David was too young to be of any assistance in the support of the family, and the engraver had not been able, though never a spendthrift, to lay up any thing before his day of darkness came. She considered the subject one afternoon, and the next appeared on the upper floor of the building, and swept and dusted her way down to the lowest. She took the dollar home which she had earned, and continued to do this day after day, and year after year, until she was considered in her degree as essential to the welfare of the building as Mr. Abeel was to that of the Department. When the time came that David exhibited something of his father's skill in the handling of tools his mother put a pen in his hand and taught him to write. He was not twelve years old when Mr. Abeel gave him a desk in one of the offices, and paid him wages as he did other clerks.

Mrs. Burtis was a thoughtful mother, and she had considered all that was involved in this step. David, among the clerks a clerk, was a gentleman among gentlemen. She made him see and feel this, and also that inside that building their relationship did not exist. With the exception of Mr. Abeel there was not a man inside the Treasury Building who understood that David Burtis was the son of the woman who kept the house in order. And so it naturally followed that when Mr. Abeel died, one of the foremost thoughts in the mind of the mother and of the son was this, that there was no one about who could make the fact of their relationship a matter of comment. The thought occasioned a sense of relief, and that the son felt it was because he had been made capable of feeling it by his mother.

Not long after the death of Mr. Abeel David was transferred to another room, where the more responsible business of the Department was transacted. His salary was raised, and it now became his reasonable hope that he should soon be able to insist upon his mother's retiring from service. No prospect of labor could have disturbed him as did the shadow which he saw moving through the halls and about the rooms of the great gloomy building; his conscience was never void of of-

fense as he developed into manhood. There was something to be hid, there was something to be owned; his pride was perpetually humiliated, his dignity constantly impugned, his aspiration rebuked, his honor brought into the dust by the lie which he seemed to himself to be living. True, he had not really disowned his mother, but this tacit agreement between them was, to his expanding sense of manhood, equivalent to living in a lie. Now, there is with every temptation a way of escape offered.

One hot afternoon in July the clerks in the room where David was employed were at work later than usual. Reports were to be made, items must be in readiness. By three o'clock the floor was generally cleared, and the room in the hands of the sub-janitress. But at half past three the work of the clerks was still going on. At four Mrs. Burtis knocked at the door and then gently pushed it open—there she stood with her brush and pail.

The young man who sat directly facing the door—it chanced to be David—looked up and shook his head; but she did not need the hint, for she saw what was going on, and immediately retired.

The clerk occupying the desk next to David had nearly completed his task, and feeling a little elated, perhaps, that he had outstripped his neighbors, broke out, "You ain't good-looking, and you can't come in!" and there was a general laugh; whereupon he used his blotter with a flourish, shut his book, cleared his desk, and took his departure. One by one the fellows went away. David had a longer task than others, and was always more painstaking, for he had an artist's eye to satisfy.

Young Stopp, his friend, lingered about till Burtis was ready to go, and then, arm in arm, they strolled out upon the pavement and down to the ferry-boat, Stopp proposing that they should hunt up a sea-breeze.

The breeze they found; and on shore intelligence not less stirring. A telegram awaited Stopp which informed him that his father was suddenly and dangerously ill. The summons took him away at midnight; riding every moment he would arrive at his parent's bedside in twenty-four hours. The excitement into which he was thrown by the telegram, the grief which rolled as a flood out of his young heart, furnished Burtis with matter for reflection as he walked away from the dépôt after the train had left.

Though Stopp had apparently forgotten that he was about to leave his place in the office vacant at a time when a clerk could with difficulty be spared, David did not forget in parting with him to say, "Smith and I will divide your work between us—so don't give that a thought," for he knew that such an assurance would be needed before his friend had accomplished half his journey.

The next morning David was up at an earlier hour than usual and off to the office. Earlier, too, came young Harkness. He entered the room hastily. He was a strong, pugnacious-looking fellow, who never considered more than one thing in his life, and that was himself. Of himself, that is of what concerned him, he was now thinking.

"Oh, Burtis, you here!" he said. "I don't believe if I started at daybreak for the office I could get here in advance of every body. Have you seen any thing of my sleeve-buttons? I took them off and laid them on my desk yesterday afternoon and must have left them. I noticed it when I got home, and came back, hot as it was. But the old woman had locked up by that time. Do you know where she keeps herself?"

"I don't know where she is just now," said Burtis, and his countenance bore witness to the amazement and displeasure he felt as he left his seat and went over to Harkness. "Have you looked in your desk?"

"There's nothing there, you see. I wouldn't have lost those buttons for fifty dollars. They cost that nearly, I reckon. They were given to me. Did you ever notice them?"

"No." But Harkness almost thought that David answered as if he were confused by the question.

"They had a diamond in the centre," said he. "I hadn't any business to take them off here, but I got so worked up by the heat I couldn't stand it."

"You may have put them somewhere about you. Have you looked in all your pockets?"

"Of course I have. First thing. Though I knew I laid them on the desk. No—somebody else can tell better than I can what's become of them."

"Ask every body. They'll turn up, I've no doubt," said Burtis; and then, recollecting what a day's work was before him, he went back to his seat.

"Of course, I shall ask every body," answered Harkness; "but I'd like to begin with the old woman first. They must be somewhere. She couldn't have brushed them up without seeing them; for they were too big for that."

"I never heard of any thing missing in this room before. You'll find them, no doubt."

The almost indifference with which Burtis said this, and the degree to which he was absorbed in his work the next moment, displeased the great, overgrown, selfish boy, who would never arrive at man's estate though he lived through the allotted term of a man's life; and he continued his investigations, as the clerks came in, in a manner that would have provoked a quarrel in some quarter, had not the young men all been so preoccupied with the fact that a "tremendous day's work" was before them, and that there was no time for talk.

Smith arrived, and sat down before his desk to perform his task, and at the same time endure a raging headache. When Burtis looked at him he saw that no assistance was to be asked of him, and resolved that he would himself make Stopp's place good. Mr. Wood, the head clerk, accepted his offer, and allowed David to do the work of two without a word of encouragement. Mr. Abeel never would have done this; but the contrast between the two merely suggested itself to David; he was too much preoccupied to dwell upon it. And it was not the work he had to do that so much absorbed him. He was thinking of the sub-janitress.

At half past three o'clock she came, as on the day before. And again, when she opened the door, her son looked up and shook his head; but at the same instant he looked at Harkness, whose eyes were upon him. As the woman was about to close the door Harkness sprang up.

"See here!" he shouted. "What's your name! Did you see any thing of a pair of sleeve-buttons yesterday, when you cleaned up?"

At this Mrs. Burtis stepped within the room.

"I did not," she answered, as distinctly and emphatically as ever a question was answered.

"That's odd. I should think you must have," said Harkness. "I left them on my desk, and nobody here knows any thing about them. It's deuced strange, to say the least."

The woman stood still a moment. She seemed not to understand quite the meaning of the words the young man had last spoken. She glanced involuntarily toward her son. He sat twisting his pen and looking down, not at his desk, but on the floor—the next moment without lifting his eyes he went on with his work. He had mastered his indignation. This was none of his business.

"I wish you would just look over your rubbish-heap and see if you haven't brushed them in by mistake," said Harkness. The words sounded more like a warning that the buttons must be forthcoming than a civil request.

"It's the first time, isn't it, gentlemen, that any thing was lost out of this room since I began to take care of it ten years ago? Can't somebody answer?"

"I can, mother," said a voice from the corner; but it was not David's voice. The assurance came from the oldest clerk in the room—and he spoke in his modest, quiet way—he was a poor young man, a good soul, doomed to be a clerk to his life's end—ah! there's many a more ignoble fate than that. "I'll answer for it. Nothing was ever lost here before that I've heard of."

"Thank you, Mr. White," said she. "I can look in the rubbish-box, Sir," turning to Harkness; "but it isn't likely, in a room kept as clean as this is, that I could brush up things like them and not know it."

Harkness nodded twice and looked around the room before he sat down. They all felt that he might as well have said, "I think so myself."

David was in the office working till dark. After all the other clerks had left his mother came up and saw him sitting there. "You can come in," said he; for she hesitated when she looked in, though she saw he was alone. Crossing the room she sat down on the chair before Stopp's desk and leaned on her hand, looking at David. "This is a bad job for me," she said.

"I'm sorry it happened to be Harkness," he answered. "There isn't another one of the clerks that would make such a row as he about a thing like that."

"But they are valuable—diamonds—he said."

"They couldn't have got into your dust-pan any way without your seeing them," said David, looking down.

"They couldn't—no, they couldn't possibly. I've looked the heap over, though. But I should have seen them at first. Why there wasn't rubbish enough to half fill my pail off this whole floor."

"He has such a tongue he will be likely to talk all over the building. It may make it uncomfortable for you."

David's eyes were still bent toward the floor.

"If I am going to have two or three hundred young men looking at me as if I was a thief, I might better leave the place and let somebody else take it."

David considered; then he looked at his mother. "I have been wishing you would give it up this long while," said he; "but I didn't like to say much till I was in the way of doing more for you than I can on my salary. If you should go now, fellows like Harkness would be likely to say that you left to get clear of trouble."

"You couldn't stand that, David, could you? Then I must stay."

There was a great deal more than resignation in these words and the voice that spoke them. Something in her son's face had moved her to speak them—something she was glad and proud to see. For it had come to pass that in her secret heart this mother mourned with bitterness over the thought that she inhabited another world from that of her son. The evenings at home did not balance the days abroad. The hour was at hand, she felt, when this long-dishonored tie of parentage would be proved a really broken link—a fact void of significance. And therefore the humiliation, the anger, and the grief of David, were in fact as balm to her.

"Why, yes," he said, "you must stay, mother. Don't fret. Something will happen for us."

When he began to think of her as a being to be defended, a woman to be respected, other thoughts followed which must have audience; and feelings were stirred which claimed honorable consideration.

A week passed, and the lost property was not recovered. Harkness made himself a nuisance with his searchings and his questionings. One afternoon he was coming out of a jeweler's shop as David passed by.

"If you'll step in here a minute," said he, "I'll show you a pair of buttons *like* mine, so if you see them any where you'll know them."

It was not strange that Harkness should address Burtis in this manner, for David was the friend of every body; and from the questions he had asked almost daily, Harkness was already thinking that probably no one in the office would have his eye more intent on search and discovery than he.

"There it is," he said. "You would be apt to know the pattern if you saw it again. So should I."

"True," said David, "and I'll be on the lookout."

The very next morning it was known throughout the office that Harkness had found his lost treasures. They were in his desk when he opened it. Great was his surprise, and not a little his embarrassment, when he made this discovery. But from the embarrassment he recovered speedily, for on a closer inspection of the buttons he said: "These are not mine. My initial is not on them." Then that fact circulated, and it was fortunate that the pressure of work was still upon all the clerks. But in the silence of the apartment a great deal of thinking was done. For the most part it was interrogatory. Every young man was questioning concerning his neighbors. Some of the clerks went so far as to take inventories of the characters of their companions, but it is safe to say that the drift of suspicion did not turn in young Burtis's direction.

But he sat in his place as if every eye were upon him. Suddenly a fire seemed kindled in his brain, and his heart grew cold. He wrote on at a rate that would have warranted the office in the dismissal of half a dozen hands had it been possible for mortal to continue at that pace. But by-and-by his heart began to warm and his brain to cool. His pen ceased to fly along the pages. "What am I?" he asked himself again and again; and the only answer that would come, and it seemed not to proceed from himself, was, "her son." "Say so, then," urged the voice. And then the fact began to make itself perceived that suspicion no longer rested on the sub-janitress, but was fastening on he knew not which one of his fellows. He laid down his pen, and looked around him. The clerks were intent on their business. He took up his pen again, that weapon which in his hands had been a weapon of offense, and dipped it in the ink once more. He might as well let things take their course. But no! at the same time that this temptation assailed him he said,

"Harkness."

His voice was not lifted to a high key, but there must have been something uncommon, even startling, in the tone, for every man in the room lifted his eyes, and the attention so far arrested was held.

"I put those buttons in your desk," David continued.

"What for?" asked Harkness, displeased in advance.

"To stop your talk. I don't know what has become of the ones you lost, but my mother was worrying the life out of her on account of your suspicions. I hope you will keep the buttons."

It would be pleasant to add that right on this speech, which electrified as well as amazed the hearers, and there was not a soul in the room that did not hear it, Stopp walked in. He did not. If he had—but he did not!

Harkness looked at David, and was more than a minute in taking his meaning, then his face became very red, and he looked angry and foolish.

"Is the janitress your mother?" he asked, and that was the very question that might have been expected of him. He saw that David had acknowledged her in a sort of desperation, as if compelled to do it; and he sought to hide his own confusion in another's. But David was now perfectly master of himself.

"Yes," he said. "And I'm ashamed to think that you didn't know it before, all of you," he added, looking around.

Harkness said no more, and the clerks all returned to their work. At noon there was of course not a little talk among them. David did not leave the room as he had felt tempted to do. He went to Harkness, and they discussed the business over again, and he actually compelled Harkness to keep the buttons. "Keep them on deposit," he said. "I have more confidence than I had before that the others will get back to you, somehow."

It was the next afternoon, just as the clerks were getting through work, that Stopp came back. The moment he saw Harkness he laughed. His face was bright and smiling before he saw him, for his return was a joyful one. He came not from a bed of death, but from a house whose head was lifted again to bless the Lord of life; and so he walked smiling into the room, but when he saw Harkness he laughed outright.

"I wonder if I should have thought of it if I had left my old clothes behind me," he said; and he laid on the palm of his right hand the sleeve-buttons, gold and diamond, which he took from his vest pocket. "There they've been since I picked them up just as I was going out that afternoon. I thought I should see you in the evening. Did you miss them?"

If Harkness had looked confused when David compelled him to comply with his wish, how did he look now? David came to his relief.

"You got us into a pretty scrape," he said to Stopp. "But no matter. We're all alive; and *I'm* glad you took them! Mother!" He had seen through the opening in the green baize door the janitress passing by, pail and brush in hand.

And thus she came in. At her son's call why should she not come in? But when she saw the group of men in the middle of the room, for they had all gathered around Stopp and Harkness and David, she stood embarrassed, doubting, anxious to make her escape.

When *they* saw *her* so troubled, looking at her son, and from him to Harkness, the young fellows seemed fairly to encircle her by their sympathy, so that she could not escape, and they raised a cheer, and then one of them, in a low voice, said to David,

"Behold thy mother and—*thy brethren.*"

This use of sacred words seemed to have been made by an inspiration—a good many of the fellows began to talk at the same moment, as if to give the rest opportunity to recover self-possession, but nothing that they all said was afterward remembered, except these words which neither the mother nor the son would be likely ever to forget:

"Behold *thy mother, and thy brethren.*"

Yes, to every one with temptation is offered also the way of escape. It is not pleasant to think of what might have befallen David and his mother had they not been permitted to crucify themselves.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Mechanical Age.—Science certainly advances with gigantic strides. There is scarcely any thing to which the mechanical arts are not applied. From the steam-engine to "the wheel of life," machinery may be said to rule the operations of the world. Every day adds some fresh marvel to the list. We have long enjoyed the comfort of spring mattresses and spring guns, but our readers will scarcely be prepared for the announcement that during the last few days we have actually been enjoying "spring weather!"

Scene in an Eating-House.—"John, the gentleman wants turtle-soup; order it up quick." "All out, Sir—gone long ago." Astonished proprietor says, "Impossible, never knew that dish to be out;" goes into the cooking-room, mixes fish, beef, tomato, and half a dozen other soups, and sends out first-class turtle. Customer swallows the same, with faith as fixed as the granite on the hills.

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" said a minister to a sick man.

"Oh, no! I have been living six-and-thirty years with the queen of terrors; the king can't be much worse."

Phil O'Logical.—A student of Trinity, Dublin, who has been recently taking a tour in France, is engaged on a treatise intended to prove that the French provinces are colonies of Dublin. One of the proofs of their Irish extraction is to be found, he alleges, in the fact that they call a brogue a *Pat-ois.*

A young lady at a fashionable dinner-party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of spring, doctor?" was the question, and of course the doctor couldn't tell. "Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution. "Now, Miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up.—"Because it's the end of pork, Miss." The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

Acrobat's Tipple—Champagne in Tumblers.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That you can receive one dollar a day, spend two, and get rich.

That the man who can't pay for his breakfast can raise the money to go into a circus.

That to do a man one favor, and then refuse him another, won't make him twice as mad as if you had refused him the first.

That when a friend presents you a hound it will cost you nothing.

That next year's taxes will be lighter.

That every other man is to die except you.

That if you have a good cause in love, war, or law, pitch in, you are bound to win.

That when you buy a horse, he will be certain to turn out as represented.

That if you always say what you think you will win the regard of the entire community.

A Dutchman's Toast.—"Here ish to ter heroes who fite, pleed, and tite mit the pattles of Punker Hill, of whom I am one." Drunk standing.

A little girl of three years, when she first saw an apple-tree in full bloom, exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and alms-houses.

Brandy brands the noses of those who can not govern their appetites.

Wine causes many to take a winding way home.

Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

Ale causes ailings, and beer stretches many upon their bier.

Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

Gin slings have slain more than the slings of old.

A lisping boy of some six summers, son of a gentleman in the Massachusetts Legislature, recently made a visit to the Insane Asylum. On his return the following colloquy ensued:

"Where have you been this afternoon, sonny?"

"Over to the Insane Hospital."

"What were they doing there?"

"Making speeches, just like the Legislature."

Artistic.—There is no truth in the report that Rosa Bonheur has been engaged to paint a picture in commemoration of the dinner lately given at the Langham Hotel, under the title of the "Horse *Fare.*"

A "Burning Shame"—Arson.

Springfield (Massachusetts) school-children, being called upon for impromptu compositions on the employment of their respective parents, a doctor's hope and joy produced this:

"There was a little girl,
And she was very sick,
She sent for my father,
And died very quick."

A Round of Pleasure for the Young—A plum-pudding.

DESIRES TO BE INFORMED.

If the person that "carried" his point had no money to pay a carman.

What weapon was used to "conquer pride?"

If the person that was thrown into an excitement was severely hurt.

If the person that "arrived at a conclusion" remained over-night.

If the person that "broke the silence" ever repaired it.

If the young lady that "bent her step" ever straightened it.

If the person that was "lost in thought" found his way out.

The width of the "fathomless abyss."

If the person that "sold his life dearly" received more than a thousand dollars.

If the person that read another's countenance could recite it the next day.

The exact spot on earth where "night fell."

If the person that "bit the dust" didn't have the toothache.

The name of the tune that was played upon the feelings.

LAS CUMBRES RAILROAD, MEXICO—SCENE IN THE PASS DE LA MULA.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRENCZENY.—[SEE PAGE 196.]

THE MORNING WALK—YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL PROMENADING THE AVENUE.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 202.]

THE MORNING WALK.

AMONG the many pleasing customs in vogue in this country is the "Morning Walk" or "Exercise" of the young ladies in attendance on our many boarding-schools and academies; and such scenes as that portrayed on page 201 are daily to be seen in various localities when the season will admit of such exercise. These walks are usually taken every morning, and are sometimes repeated in the evening. In the North these walks are generally taken immediately after breakfast and before the assembling of the school. In the South they are the prelude to breakfast and follow the evening meal; but this is because the sun grows uncomfortably warm at an early hour in the morning. In the South these walks are not confined to the young ladies in school; but frequently the entire population of the country villages may be seen on the streets enjoying the morning and evening promenades.

Our artist has represented one of the many schools of New York city, under the lead of the teacher, passing through Madison Square. There are frequently to be seen at a time thirty or forty of these young and beautiful girls, representatives of the well-known and fashionable schools of Mrs. HOFFMAN, Mrs. MACAULAY, Mrs. MEARS, Miss HAINES, Miss COMSTOCK, Miss BALLOW, Mlle. ROSTAN, Mrs. PREVOST (now in charge of the famous school of the late Madame CHEGARY), Professor VAN NORMAN, or Rutger's Institute, besides those of hundreds of others impossible to name in our space.

A HAPPY DAY.

TO-DAY I've lived, and life has overflowed,
Not in a wild, impassion'd ecstasy;
Joy-springs have well'd within me to the brim,
Then slowly trickled o'er in silent tears.

I have been happy; and to say this much
In round acknowledgment, without reserve,
Is something worth to one of earthly mould.
Life runs so roughly o'er Time's rocky bed,
And fate and circumstance so bend the stream
In devious courses, that to find therein,
Unsought and unexpected by the way,
A deep, calm pool, where golden sunbeams lie
Unbroken on the slowly-flowing wave,
Is such a sweet surprise, and makes so glad
The weary soul, that straight away she throws
Her cares like garments off, and on the wave
Floats peacefully, unheeding time or tide.

Thus have I found this most delightful day,
And rested with a rest that banishes
Heart-weariness, and gives the soul new life.

God must be nearer to the flowery fields,
The hills and dales, the brooks and waterfalls,
Than to the city, with its cold, hard streets,
Where human faces are the graves of smiles,
And care sits brooding o'er a thousand brows.

I would not choose to have the stream of life
From first to last all calm and rippleless,
For broken waters sing a lovely song,
And valor grows on obstacles o'erthrown.
There's strength in struggle, and we need be strong,
With all the work there is for man to do
Between his birth and death, God helping him,
While none but earnest workers know true rest
Or guess the meaning of a holiday.
The wretched idler, half asleep by day
And half awake by night, scarce lives at all;
His faculties are dazed, and every sense
Is dull and weak; and time drags heavily
That should go ever lilting lightly on,
Unheard, unheeded, until passed away;
While he who meets his work with cheerfulness
And does full duty with ungrudging heart,
Taking it up as heritage from God,
Appointed and apportioned by His hand,
Though weary often when the day is done,
Yet has so still a conscience in his breast,
And so enjoys the mystery of sleep,
That he has recompense in that alone,
Though not alone in that; for labor bears
Within itself a great reward, a charm,
Which only those (such is the law) can know
Who sweat in heart and muscle for God's sake.

A HAIR CHAIN.

THE Thursday afternoon choir meeting at the Paleysville church was over, and those attending gone home—all but the three who stood on the broad top step by the church door. They were looking toward the sullen red sunset; toward it, but not at it, for across the frost-seared meadow Albert Tailor was coming; and as he saw them waiting he swung his axe upon his shoulder and stepped briskly forward to join them.

It was Julia and Carrie Moore and Dr. Hale. Dr. Hale was the chorister then, and altogether the leading spirit in the musical part of the community. Julia Moore played the little organ that had lately been found necessary for the Paleysville church. She had been away all summer learning instrumental music, and Albert, notwithstanding his sturdy cheerfulness, had been lonely during her absence; for ever since they had been school-fellows there had been a frankly acknowledged engagement between them, and he, whether plowing or harvesting, or overseeing the work on his new house, associated every thing with thoughts of her.

Since her return from town disinterested friends of the parties had been contrasting Albert with the agreeable, gentlemanly Dr. Hale, whose singing was so popular, and who so often called at Mr. Moore's to leave new music or to practice with Miss Julia, and discussing the probabilities of such a proud, lady-like person as Julia preferring her plain, unassuming lover. But as Julia Moore was not one whose business people liked to tamper with openly, their suspicions had been cautiously referred to the little, impulsive, outspoken Carrie—Julia's cousin and adopted sister; and Carrie had indignantly denied their truth, and accused them of injustice to her cousin. All the more vehemently perhaps because of a half-acknowledged thought that they might be true.

A real farmer-looking man was Albert Tailor, and not a specimen of the handsomest of his class either, Carrie reluctantly admitted, as he joined them at the foot of the steps. Short, only a few inches taller than Julia, but then Julia was tall; with a face tanned very brown, and then such pitifully light hair. "But he has beautiful gray eyes though," she sighed; "they almost make his face handsome; and he is as smart as Dr. Hale, only Dr. Hale looks splendidly, and appears so well every where." Dr. Hale and Julia would be a fine-looking couple if she married him, and she half believed she would.

"Dr. Hale is going to spend the evening with us, Albert, and we shall expect you—to listen to our music," said Julia, quietly.

"A good listener is quite as desirable as good music." Dr. Hale looked down assured and smiling, from his six-feet stature, his undeniable good looks, and his speckless, spotless, faultlessly-fitting attire, to the careless-looking, homespun Albert.

"How very complacent!" thought Carrie, angrily. "I wish Albert would resent it and decline their cool invitation."

"I shall be sure to come," said Albert, with hearty good-nature.

The three turned loiteringly toward home; Carrie lagging yards behind the others to gather the yellow and scarlet leaves that fell from the maples by the road-side. She was thinking bitterly of every body, and almost angrily of herself, just now. This unwelcome suspicion had made her entirely unlike herself. Two hours ago, when they were walking up to the church, Dr. Hale had called her attention to the gorgeous autumn picture that the woods on the hill, with the soft, hazy sunlight caught on their foliage, presented. And Carrie, who a hundred times that day had stopped to gaze at them, almost exclaiming, "Praise the Lord!" from very fullness of joy and worship, only replied indifferently that she had not learned to go into raptures over yellow leaves. And he only looked at her as if he knew the falsehood she was speaking, but did not understand her motive.

Last summer she and Dr. Hale had been better friends. He had called her plain, puny, at first; but when he had watched her changeable face in conversation, or in some impetuous abandon of mirth or pleasure, he had felt his cool blood thrill, and his pulses quicken with the contagion of her effervescing spirits. And once or twice there had been tones or looks that Carrie could not, if she would, forget.

But then Julia came with her sweet face and graceful ways, and hundred-and-one charming songs; thinking, talking, and seemingly caring, for little else but music; claiming every body's interest by her enthusiastic devotion to it, and taking from her cousin the thoughtful attention she had won. "But I am not such a weakling as to care for that," thought Carrie, stoutly, "only I don't like to think of Albert."

They had stopped on the bridge, but she did not want to join them, so she went on picking up the brilliant leaves without looking toward them.

"Your cousin has forgotten what she said about yellow leaves, or else she did not intend to be believed," said Dr. Hale. "I sometimes think," he continued, watching her lithe little figure, "that I do not understand her; she is not read at a glance, I see."

"Carrie has some peculiarities. She is subject to extremes; to unreasonable ones sometimes; but nobody who knows her well can help loving her," said Julia, warmly.

"I believe you," replied Dr. Hale, earnestly; and he looked reluctantly back as they walked on again.

Carrie walked slowly on, making many good resolutions as she unconsciously arranged her bouquet. These were her best friends, and she would not be provoked to ill-natured rudeness again. In the generous reaction that always followed her vexation she took all blame to herself. If they had neglected her somewhat, she had always returned it with cool indifference; why should she be so bitter? Albert was capable of managing his own affairs without her assistance. So she joined them at the gate carrying her gorgeous bouquet as a peace-offering; but they were absorbed in a musical discussion, and only noticed it with a faint compliment; and Carrie felt the old indignant blood rise to struggle with her amicable resolves as she followed them into the house.

And now the parlor lamp was lighted. Mrs. Moore, upon household duties intent, bustled here and there like one troubled about many things; but grandmother, with her snowy cap and busy knitting-needles, and Mr. Moore, who had just removed his heavy coat and boots, gathered around the new piano—a novelty yet and the pride of the house—to hear the singing. All the new songs, that Dr. Hale and Julia sing, first. Then by-and-by some familiar time-honored hymn, in which Mr. Moore joined with his heavy bass, and grandmother—because the words were new—quavered her trembling fa sol la. In the mean time Albert came in and stood by Julia's side, watching her slender fingers admiringly.

All tired of it at last but Dr. Hale and Julia, who lingered at the piano, talking of something in the vocabulary of music which only they understood. Mr. Moore sat back in his great armchair asking Albert about his work.

"And so you are going to clear off that swamp, eh? and drain it? I don't know how you'll make it with your new-fashioned farming. I reckon I'll stick to the old way a while yet."

"I'm going to try it five years, and if I can not make it pay for the improvements, and pay me for my time, I'll give up farming. But you see I am confident that I can. I expect to be a farmer, though not quite after father's sort."

"Well, we shall see. You are pretty headstrong and thorough. I shouldn't wonder if you made it," said Mr. Moore, approvingly.

"I think the worst of farming is the dull monotony of it," said Carrie. "The *romance* and *poetry* of it are all imaginary. And what is worse, *we* grow dull and rusty ourselves. We are away from the busy world, and without that friction of society that makes even very drossy people seem our superiors when we meet." She was mentally comparing Albert with Dr. Hale.

"I don't agree with you entirely," said Albert. "I have brought something from the woods tonight that has mystery and *romance*, if not *poetry* enough attached to it, to make a large-sized work of fiction. Something," he said, taking a parcel from his pocket, "that 'll require all your ingenuity to account for." Carrie drew her chair toward him eagerly, and Mr. Moore and grandmother looked interested.

"I want to tell you about it first," he said, glancing around toward Julia. "The boys felled an old ash to-day; and as it seemed rather shaky, I told them that they might split it into rails. In the first cut from the butt they found a place where the tree had been bored into and filled up again, so long ago that the wood and bark had grown over it all solid. In the tree there we found this"—undoing the parcel.

"Hair!" exclaimed Carrie, with a start. "Why, what—how—who could have put it there?"

"That is the question," said Albert, smiling.

"Let's see it," said Mr. Moore, coming forward.

"Coarse, and black, and heavy; and almost as much as I have on my head," said Carrie, lifting it daintily with the ends of her fingers. "Don't you believe it is an Indian's, uncle?"

"It looks like it, certainly. What do you think, mother?" laying it in the old lady's lap.

"I should say it was an Ingin's hair, and a regular Ingin trick," said grandmother, examining it through her spectacles and nodding her head emphatically. "I know considerable about their ways. Why, when I first came to this country—" and the old lady went wandering back to the past.

Dr. Hale and Julia now joined the circle to examine the curious relic. Carrie had quite forgotten her jealousy in her enthusiasm. Her eyes fairly danced, and she talked fast and energetically.

"What will you do with it, Albert? I know what *I'd* do if it was mine. I'd have it made into chains, and bracelets, and all sorts of curious charms."

"Do you suppose they would possess any magic power?" asked Dr. Hale, looking oftener at her radiant face than at the curiosity he was examining.

"Oh, certainly, I should be superstitious enough to consider it a 'mighty medicen.' What do you suppose it was put there for? Julia, what do you?"

"I don't know; some sorcery, I suppose. I haven't had time to account for it yet."

"Time? Why, I've thought of a hundred reasons. What do you think, uncle?"

"Oh, maybe it was some criminal that they wished to disgrace, as we do our prison convicts."

"Faugh, no! They'd a' burnt it then; wouldn't they, grandma?"

"It was some witch that they wanted to rob of power, more likely," said grandmother.

"Yes," approved Albert; "some benighted, red-skinned Samson."

"That's better," said Carrie, doubtfully.

"A real tragic story, about Indian braves and maidens, would be more appropriate," suggested Julia. "Perhaps Dr. Hale will give us such a one."

"Some other time, perhaps. I couldn't think of any thing suitable now, and we haven't heard what is to be done with the weird tress."

"It does not belong to me," said Albert. "Joe Hines claims it by right of discovery; but I'll try to get enough to make a 'charm,' as Carrie suggests."

"Do," said Dr. Hale, "and then offer it for sale to the highest bidder."

"Oh no!" protested Julia. "Have more of a spell attached to it. If you sell it, sell it for all it is worth to you, with the conditions that every time it is sold the seller must receive more for it than he gave; and whoever can not sell it so must keep it."

"Oh, that is splendid, Julia! How did you think of it? And now, Albert, don't sell it for a song."

"Carrie don't sing songs, you know," said Julia, mischievously.

"It wasn't my covetousness that spoke then, though. I was afraid nobody would know how to value it properly."

Grandmother had quietly folded her knitting and left the room, and Mr. Moore was asleep in his chair, when Dr. Hale and Albert, with a great many last words, took their leave.

The little discovery that "Tailor's choppers" had made was talked of all over the neighborhood. It was remembered by some of the people that when the Senecas lived on the reservation, about thirty miles from there, they used to come up the creek by twos and threes, sometimes a dozen, and camp in the woods there; and a great many conjectures were ventured about the significance of this relic of them. Perhaps Dr. Hale had heard some of them when he told his promised story at Mr. Moore's a week or two later. It was the evening that Albert brought the much-talked-of charm, made of the Indian hair; a curiously-braided chain, with mountings of gold; a lady's watch-chain, delicate and pretty. It was a long story of Indian loves and Indian locks, in which the heroic, tragic, and poetic flourished abundantly. It was a maiden's hair. She had shorn her head in token of desolation at the death of her affianced husband. But being a wondrously beautiful damsel she was constantly sought after and wooed by the bravest of her tribe. Wearied at last with their importunities she declared that she had lost her beautiful hair, without which she could neither receive nor return their love; and that whoever should restore it to her should claim her as his wife.

Then he gave a lengthy biography of several braves who spent their lives searching for it, telling of the hardships and dangers they met, and finally of their remarkable deaths. Of course, none of them found it—the dark-skinned lady didn't intend that they should, but she became a great prophetess; and when she died—which she did at a somewhat advanced period of life—she declared that this hidden treasure, when found, would be a power of great good or great evil to the possessor of it; that they must search for it unweariedly, but beware who possessed himself of so dubious a gift; for it would give to one and take from another—be strength to one and poison to another.

Dr. Hale's apparent seriousness added interest to the story, and more than once Julia whispered to Albert, who sat beside her, to notice Carrie's intent, listening look. This was one of Carrie's jubilant evenings. They had no music to keep two lingering at the piano, rehearsing again and again some unintelligible clamor of sound, or singing passionate little love songs, and subjecting two others to the tedious duty of listening, and the annoyance of seeming unnecessary additions to the party. Julia's languid movements and burning cheeks told quite as plainly as her quiet words of her indisposition; but it was Albert who sat by her side, or drew her chair to the fire and received her smiling thanks; while Dr. Hale— Ah well! she could admire him in any position but as Julia's lover.

"And now," said Dr. Hale, winding the chain around his fingers as he concluded his story, "we shall see who dares to become subject to so dangerous a power by possessing himself of this charm, and whether Mr. Tailor has any misgivings about keeping it by the price he demands."

"You remember our compact," said Albert. "I must not undervalue it, whatever it proves to me. I shall be very exacting, but am ready to consider any offer you will make."

Dr. Hale took from his pocket a curious gold coin, telling fabulous stories of its antiquity. Julia unclasped a small gold chain from her neck, and coaxingly offered in exchange; while Carrie proffered, one by one, with a great deal of parade, all her little valuables, and finally, with a very Jewish determination to barter, put them all up at "immense sacrifice" against that single paltry chain.

"Take care, Miss Carrie," said Dr. Hale, warningly. "You will never be able to sell it at a greater price than you offer, and if it should prove your evil genius—"

"No matter. I am willing to venture, to gain or lose all."

"I see that none of you have a proper sense of its worth," said Albert, waving away the trinkets loftily. "It must be something much more precious that will tempt me to part with it."

While they were yet bantering about the chain a call came for Dr. Hale, and Carrie, quite forgetting all her troubles, exclaimed, as she bade him good-night, "It is really too bad! They spoil our evening by taking you away."

"And I am sorry to go; but your regrets almost console me." This did not sound like mere politeness when he said it, holding her hand firmly a moment as he bade her good-night. But a moment after he recrossed the hall to remind Julia of their choir-meeting to-morrow, begging her not to disappoint him, so earnestly that Carrie was vexed with herself for her shy blushes of a moment before.

"I have been silly enough to be flattered by his words and looks all this evening, and to show that I was pleased," she thought, impatiently.

She did not go back to the parlor, but retired to her room, with her bright evening clouded by unpleasant reflections. By-and-by Julia came, wearing the hair chain around her neck. But Carrie's expression of satisfaction was checked by Julia's saying,

"I hoped he would give it to you, Carrie, for I knew you would care a great deal more for it than I do."

"Indeed I do not want it at all," said Carrie, turning her face away almost angrily. How could Julia care so little for Albert's gift?

The chill November afternoon of the next day found the cousins at the church. Julia, looking weary and heavy-eyed, was feverishly intent upon the music she was playing for the half dozen young ladies and gentlemen who constituted the choir there. Dr. Hale was standing beside her, praising, criticising, or joining with the singing, as the case required. Carrie was wandering restlessly about, shiveringly denouncing the music, pupils, and teacher, and their obstinate persistence this cold day. Their allotted time had dragged itself away long ago, and the gloom was thickening as the sun sank in the west. Carrie had again and again begged her cousin to go home, pleading the cold and the darkness, but nobody heeded her.

"You look cold, Miss Carrie," said Dr. Hale, noticing her blue, trembling looks. "Have my shawl, won't you? or if you wish to go before it is darker, I will see your cousin home."

This was all kind enough; but Carrie was more vexed than pleased by it. She turned quickly, and walked out. The outer door closed heavily after her, and the key, which had been left in the lock, fell rattling to the steps. "How careless of them to leave it here," thought Carrie, as she replaced it. A mischievous smile lighted her face as she turned away; she stopped a moment, then reached back and turned the key. "They can't get out until they are unlocked," she said, glancing up at the windows high above the basement walls, "I'll let them sing long enough." She had quite forgotten the cold now, the quick, beating blood had driven the blue look from her face

and lighted it with a little malicious mirth. She would stay there by the door until they came out.

It was growing dark. Pretty soon the music ceased; then followed the sound of a long gossiping conversation, and they came toward the outer door. Then Jimmie Northrop, the round-faced youngster who sang tenor, tried to open the door.

"Locked, as true as preaching! Here, Wood, where is the key to this sanctuary?"

"What"—shaking the door so hard that the key jingled outside—"why, I left it in, and somebody has locked it!"

"That can't be possible," said Dr. Hale, quickly, trying the door.

"I tell you it is locked, but maybe the bolt was not turned, so that it slipped back when the door shut. I've known it to do so."

"That must be it, of course," said Dr. Hale.

Carrie had thought of a little revenge that they would all laugh over, but she began to be ashamed of it. Dr. Hale was so unwilling to believe that it was done intentionally; of course he knew who would be suspected in that case. If she opened it now, they would know she had been waiting there in the cold, after all her complaints. She had not thought of that before. She must find some other way of letting them out. She waited until they had decided to light the lamps, and continue their singing, hoping to attract somebody in that way, then she walked toward home. Albert would be sure to go there if he saw the light; otherwise, her aunt would be uneasy about Julia, and send somebody. Luckily she met Albert on the bridge. "No, he was not going to the church, but a mile or more beyond; but should stop when he came back, he guessed, if the singing was not over."

How nicely it had all happened! That would not keep them there too long, and no danger of betraying her now. But eight o'clock came, it began to rain, and they had not come yet; then nine—ten—and no Julia; and it rained torrents. Her aunt, who had never before failed to fret and worry if a member of her household failed to report in season, seemed satisfied with Carrie's first suggestion, that Julia had gone home with Mary Wood.

Just as Carrie's remorse and uneasiness had driven her out into the rain to go and release them they came, dripping and cold, up the walk. Albert had been detained, but came along just as they were trying to force open the door.

"In the morning when Julia has got over her terrible headache I will confess it all to her," thought Carrie. But morning found Julia prostrated by a fever, and the next day, and the next she was talking wildly, confusing incidents of yesterday with the half-forgotten ones of childhood; and calling the friends around her by the names of those she had not seen for years.

But through all these long sad days, that she alternately remembered and forgot the others, she always recognized Albert; clinging to him when the other faces grew strange and terrible to her. In him she seemed to have a trusting confidence that, more than Dr. Hale's skillful treatment, or her friends' tireless care, restrained her delirious excitement.

Poor Carrie bitterly accused herself as the cause of her cousin's illness. She confessed it humbly to Dr. Hale in the first of those anxious days. His congratulation that she had escaped from a cold and tedious imprisonment seemed sincere; but she could not be hypocritical enough to accept it. She told him unsparingly of her agency in detaining them. First of her weary impatience, then of her pique at his cool dismissal, and her revenge that had proved so humiliating to her. And Dr. Hale, without seeming so much surprised as she expected, kindly assured her that her cousin's sickness was not the result of her detention or exposure, and that she blamed herself a great deal more than any body could blame her.

She made a much longer confession to Julia after her recovery. Of the first insinuating remarks that aroused her jealousy; then of all the little circumstances that had fretted her; most of all, the light estimation in which Julia held Albert's gift—the magic chain that had been for weeks forgotten. And Julia quite as frankly admitted that her own selfish devotion to her music was quite as unreasonable. "But," she said, looking at Carrie with a curious smile, "a suspicion has just occurred to me."

That evening Dr. Hale, in one of his unprofessional calls, met Albert Tailor at Mr. Moore's. It was their first social evening together since that one weeks before, when they had contested for the chain.

"I am afraid it was not fairly bought; at least it brought you misfortune and sickness," said Dr. Hale.

"Indeed it was," Julia replied; "but since it has proved so disastrous I have decided to let you have it."

"In consideration of what?" he asked, in surprise.

"In consideration of life and health, for which she is greatly indebted to you," said Albert, warmly.

"And, as that is more than I gave for it, it is fairly yours," added Julia.

"But how do we know, if you do not tell us what you gave?" persisted Carrie.

"Oh!" said Julia, her pale cheek coloring a little, "I did not get it for a song, but for a kiss."

"I have not the courage to keep this," said Dr. Hale, taking it from the table where Julia had left it when she bade them good-night. "I am afraid of its baneful influence. I shall try to sell it."

"For more than you gave for it?" asked Carrie. "You can not."

"I can. But whoever buys it of me can never sell it. Do you dare?"

The hair chain is an old one now. Mrs. Hale has worn it for years, and since she can not sell it she intends to wear it out, she says. It has been a talisman to her, always preventing suspicion and jealousy.

PARISIAN GIPSIES.

VERY few Parisians are aware of the existence in their city of a band of these gipsy "Bohemians." As a general rule it is only in the artist's studio that they are to be found and recognized. They flit from place to place, sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany, for they come for the most part from Alsace, at other times making an excursion into even more distant lands, but every now and then the wanderers return to Paris, and there they have certain quarters where they meet and talk among themselves in that strange tongue of theirs, which still keeps alive a dialect of India in the heart of Europe. One of the most interesting of the band is the Père Lagrène, a noble-looking old man of sixty-eight, with finely-cut features of the eagle type, and a picturesque mass of tangled hair and beard. Many of the artists of Paris know him well, for he gains a scanty living by sitting to them as a model, and those who are well acquainted with the modern French school of painting have doubtless seen him figuring on canvas from time to time as Lear letting his hoary locks stream on the wind, or as Isaac stretching forth trembling hands of benediction, turning up to heaven the sightless eyes of Belisarius, or leaning on the arm of Antigone amidst the sacred groves of Colonos. A true nomad, he has no fixed dwelling-place, but has solved the difficult question of obtaining a cheap lodging in Paris by inhabiting a little carriage which belongs to him, and which he stables on any waste piece of ground which offers him an undisturbed footing.

The girls of this gipsy band are all of striking appearance, and their manners are very natural and pleasant. Their brows are lightly puckered by a frown which is cousin-german to a smile; a sort of timid independence gives a peculiar ring to their voice. They are most charming from about three to twelve or fourteen years of age. Their hands and feet are almost always delicate and finely-made, signs of their belonging to a thorough-bred race. And, indeed, there must be something very exceptional in the race to which they belong to have enabled it to preserve its individuality as it has done, among so many changes and during so long a period. Even when the children are the offspring of a mixed marriage, the Oriental cast of features generally prevails. One of the young women, Madeleine Landauer, is well known in Paris as an artist's model, being specially employed in the Princess Mathilde's studio.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE artists of Dodworth's Studio Building gave their fourth and last reception for the season on Saturday afternoon, March 7. A large number of ladies and gentlemen indicated by their presence their appreciation of art in general, and their interest in these artists in particular. They circulated freely through the rooms thrown open for inspection, and were received most courteously. It is impossible in a single paragraph to attempt any detailed description of the artists, their works, or even their *studios*, which latter are often interesting subjects of observation to the casual visitor. Nor will one find it the best way to spend the time to visit *all* the rooms open in one afternoon. To study a few pictures carefully is more satisfactory than to give a hasty glance at hundreds.

Among many beautiful paintings worthy of admiration, Mr. Hart's "Peaceful Homes" attracted our special attention. It is a large picture—just completed—ideal, in so far as that it represents no *particular* "homes;" but the materials for its conception and grouping were gathered in studies among the beautiful scenery of Connecticut. It is emphatically a *restful* picture. Mr. Fairman's works are of the brilliant kind. A little girl stood admiring them by our side, and counted, as she said, "five suns." He certainly is remarkably successful in representations of sunrise and sunset scenes. In Mr. Augero's studio "The Landing of Columbus" stood on the easel, labeled "Sketch for a Drop Curtain at Pike's Opera House." Miss Greatorex's room was a *study* in itself, adorned as it was with all manner of pretty, tasteful ornaments—in addition to the oil-paintings and pen-and-ink sketches—which latter are very beautiful, and attracted much attention. Mr. Lazarus's portraits are very fine; Messrs. Colman, Brevoort, Smillie, and others, exhibited recently completed works of much beauty. Among Rogers's groups we lingered long. A new group has been recently finished called "The Council of War," representing President Lincoln, General Grant, and Mr. Stanton consulting over a map. Mr. Lincoln, sitting in an arm-chair, holding the map, forms the centre of the group; Stanton, with spectacles in one hand, stands on the right; and Grant, pointing to the map, on the left. Mr. Rogers has in hand another group, which promises to be a gem of its kind—subject, "Courtship in Sleepy Hollow; Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel." Although but roughly modeled as yet, the expression on the faces is exquisite. Mr. Rogers himself is a very genial man, and cordially gave his visitors much information about his modes of work.

It is not worth while to be *too* economical. Even if you happen to live in the vicinity of a navy-yard, or an old battle-field, it don't always pay to use bomb-shells for andirons, or old guns for pokers. But a lady in Mississippi, not long ago, wishing to build a fire, and having no andirons used a pair of bomb-shells, relics of the war, for the purpose. The shells were loaded, and of course exploded. The lady was considerably injured, but declared the disaster occurred because it was *Friday*. She has resolved never to use bomb-shells for andirons on *Friday* again.

A novel and laborious enterprise is now in progress on what is known as the "Colt Estate," in Hartford, Connecticut. An Artesian well is being sunk, with the intention of conveying it down until it penetrates the bowels of the earth, and strikes the region of hot water! The hot water is wanted for the purpose of warming the extensive green-houses on the premises. This is the second attempt which has been made. The first boring was abandoned at a depth of 270 feet. This one has already been drilled out to the depth of about 710 feet, and is making slow progress at the rate of half a foot a day through the hardest rock ever encountered by the contractor. So hard is the rock that it dulls the drills at the first blow, and they have to be drawn up and sharpened every time after they have been allowed to fall upon the rock, which is a kind of iron-stone. The hole is five inches in diameter. Wooden shafts, thirty-two feet long, are coupled together and the drill attached, the whole moving by a walking-beam and steam-engine. The hard rock, several feet thick, is now believed to be bored very nearly through.

A Massachusetts paper complains thus:

"DON'T.—*People* WHO send us 'communications' for *publication* ARE 'requested' not to 'quote' and *underscore* SO MUCH. THIS is *about* the way A good deal of 'matter' would LOOK if we '*printed*' it AS WRITTEN."

And a contemporary in affliction adds:

"To which '*request*' TEN THOUSAND *compositors* 'most earnestly' ADVANCE their '*request*' that Names and Places be PLAINLY WRITTEN, and the *stroke* of the J always carried BELOW the line."

It is stated that Bethel, Conn., has neither rum-shops, paupers, poor-house, nor town-debt—the entire deficiency resulting from the want of the first-named. If this statement is true Bethel ought to be put into a museum as a natural curiosity.

The "Aerotator," a machine for navigating the air, invented by a Mr. Hutchings of St. Louis, is said to have been pronounced a success by the best aeronauts of America. A huge machine is now in course of construction, which promises to turn in any direction, at any height, at the will of the navigator. The first trial will take place near St. Louis, with the wonderful feat of jumping out of a balloon at the height of two thousand feet from the earth; and, as the inventor proposes to accomplish this himself, he has great confidence in his own invention.

Western papers say they find it necessary to announce marriages in advance because the married life is so short afterward that friends do not get fairly notified of an engagement before they see that an application for divorce has been filed.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Such barbarous cruelties as have been inflicted on a young child in Brighton, England, could scarcely be imagined. According to the London papers the hapless little boy, only six years old, has been living with his aunt for some months past, his mother being poor and a widow. When first seen by a magistrate, the child had more than fifty wounds and scars upon his body. He stated that a poker was heated red hot, and he was burnt with it every night. The inside of the child's ears were masses of sores, from which the matter was discharged. The bridge of the nose and one finger were broken. The child was very emaciated, its bones coming nearly through the skin. The aunt, of course, denied the charge—but *somebody* is fearfully guilty.

There have been numerous "*last men*" of the Revolutionary War. The *very* last one reported hails from Ohio. He is one hundred and four years of age, having been born in Virginia, a few miles from Mount Vernon, February 6, 1764. He was at the siege of Yorktown when in his eighteenth year, but never obtained a pension until a year or two since, when it was granted to him by a special act of Congress. He is now nearly helpless, his hearing bad and his eye-sight nearly gone, yet he can walk on crutches. He has been a great tobacco-chewer all his life, to which his premature decay is probably attributable!

In "old times," somewhere about 1735, a "Beef-steak Club" was organized in England. The rules for treating a beef-steak were thus set forth:

Pound well your meat until the fibres break;
Be sure the next you have, to broil the steak,
Good coals in plenty; nor a moment leave,
But turn it over this way, and then that.
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat;
The platter, now and then, the juice receive,
Put on the butter—place it on your meat—
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve, and eat.

Not a bad recipe for nowadays.

The city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having sent to Europe recently 80,000 rat-skins in one lot, the people are patiently awaiting a fall in the price of imported European kid gloves.

Iowa must be a dangerous State to live in—at least, some parts of it. A short time ago a young man living in the town of Jasper was engaged in reading the Bible, when his mother, seventy years of age, asked him a question. Seized by a sudden frenzy, he sprang upon the old woman and choked her to death. He then told his wife to send for a neighbor to tie him, and exhorted her and the children to get out of the way as soon as possible. They took his advice, and the crazy matricide was arrested soon afterward.

Woodville, Mississippi, has been thus described: "It is the most quiet place I know; there's no quarreling, or rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another he's quietly shot down, and that's the last of it." Never having visited Woodville, we can not vouch for the truth of the description.

The ordeals which Fashion imposes upon its most devoted followers are severe in some instances. A fashionable full-dress dinner-party, recently given in this city, lasted five hours. There were thirty guests present; eight courses, and a dozen different kinds of wine were served. The silver on the table was valued at ten thousand dollars.

It is said that the most costly dresses for ladies which are made in Paris go to Russia, but that nowhere is elegant clothing so soon ruined. An English exchange remarks that a young Muscovite belle will think nothing of getting into a narrow, open drotsky and rushing about, with her train spread over the wheels, through the winter sludge till it is spoiled. Perhaps it is only by similar reckless expenditures that the European nobility hope to secure themselves against "vulgar imitation." For just now they are exercised upon that subject. Recently, at a ball in Nice, a Russian princess wore diamonds valued at one hundred thousand dollars. But so did the wife of M. Hartman, who made his fortune by inventing the Magenta dye; her diamonds were as rich and as valuable as the Princess's; and the high and noble are quite disgusted.

The Pope of Rome has issued a decree against profane language and extravagant dress. He complains that much evil is wrought by the Roman ladies dressing for church as if they were going to the theatre or to a ball; and announces that "women with extravagant head-dresses shall in future not be admitted to the communion-table." Very good; but what is to be done about the gorgeous Pontifical robes, the gay clothing of Cardinals, and all their costly decorations?

The nicknames given to some of the most prominent cities of the United States are familiar to many; but others are not so well known, and a list of certain ones may be amusing. New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens and the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburg, the Smoky City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the Mound City; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Quincy, the Model City; Alexandria, the Delta City.

DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE engraving of the DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, which we give on page 204, is from a painting by ROBERT FLEURY, now director of the French Academy at Rome, and among the greatest of living painters. He has been adjudged, on account of his mastery and knowledge of all the technical part of painting, as in all respects the best man to fill the important position he now holds. He is celebrated for his power of throwing into one great picture, such as his "Charles V.," the spirit and character of a whole historic period. He has been compared with DE LA ROCHE; but both in color, and infinitely more in sentiment, he falls into a lower rank than that great painter.

The incident which has been selected by the artist is one of the famous death scenes of history. After COLUMBUS had fallen a victim to the intrigues of the jealous Spanish courtiers he was carried in chains to Spain, and after lying for some time in prison was released, but neglected. The indignation which was expressed throughout Spain at the treatment of the great discoverer forced King FERDINAND to give COLUMBUS command of four small vessels and a commission to search for a passage through the Sea (now Gulf) of Mexico. On his return from this voyage to San Lucar he was allowed to remain in seclusion and disgrace. At the age of seventy years, broken in body, although in full possession of his mental faculties, having, in his own words, "no place to repair to except an inn, and often with nothing to pay for his sustenance," the discoverer of the New World died repeating the words, in Latin, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

1865.—1866.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

See Illustration on next Page.

I STOOD on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

THE OLD SEAT.

See Illustration on next Page.

DEAR Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
How strange with you once more to meet,
To hold your hand, to hear your voice,
To sit beside you on this seat!
You mind the time we sat here last?—
Two little children-lovers we,
Each loving each with simple faith,
I all to you—you all to me.

Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
We sit together now as then;
I press your hand, you meet my glance,
We seem as if we loved again.
But in my heart I feel the truth,
The dear old times have passed away;
The love that once possessed our souls
We do but simulate to-day.

Since last we met, my Lady Vere,
You've grown in years and culture too,
And, putting childish things away,
Have ceased to be sincere and true.
Naught caring for a single soul,
You spare no trouble, reck no pain,
To add another name unto
The bead-roll of the hearts you've slain.

To you, my Lady Vere de Vere,
What is it that a heart may break?
You had no hazard in the game—
He should have played with equal stake.
You did but seek to while away
The slow hours of an idle night;
The fault lay with the fool who failed
To read your character aright.

But, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You make your wares by far too cheap;
Your net claims all as fish that comes
Within the limit of its sweep.
You sit beside me here to-day,
You try to make me love again;
But I am safe the while I think
You've sat thus with a score of men.

Still, Lady Clara, Clara, dear,
Beneath your finished mask I see
The gentle heart, the honest mind,
That made you once so dear to me.
Your voice is still as sweet as then,
Your face is still as pure and good:
I see the graces of my love
All ripened in her womanhood.

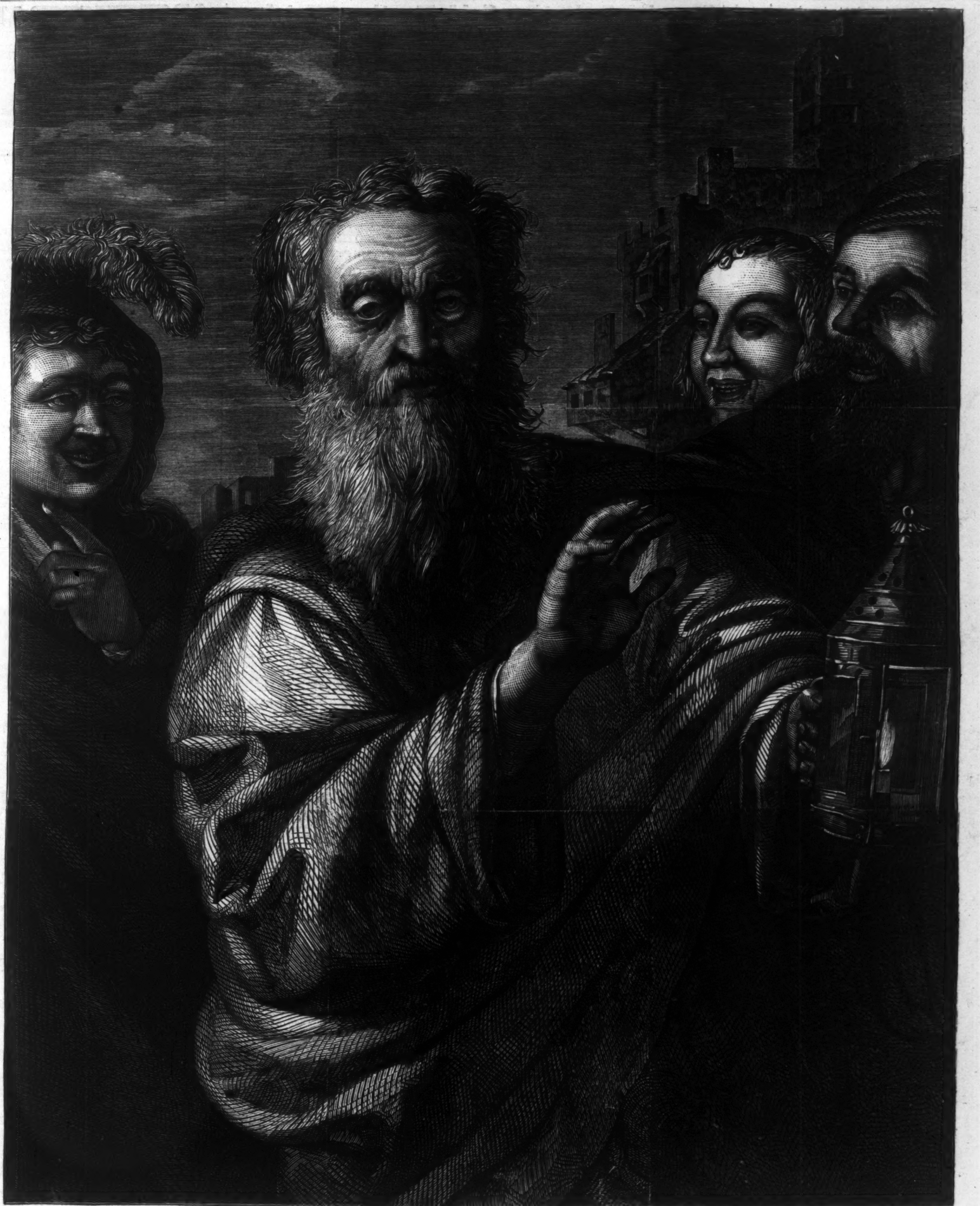
If some day, Clara Vere de Vere,
You weary of the counterfeit,
And look with yearning back upon
The old times linkèd with this seat—
If you would change your fleeting loves
For one true love for evermore,
Then we will come and see this place,
And sit together, as of yore.

But meanwhile, Lady Vere de Vere,
Of me win all renown you may;
A plaything fresh my heart for you,
A new world for your sovereign sway.
Bring all your practiced charms in play,
Shoot all your darts, they can not hurt;
For when we meet I clothe me in
The proved chain-armor of a flirt.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS.—From the Painting by Robert Fleury.—[See Page 203.]

1865,—1866—"I stood on a tower in the wet, and New Year and Old Year met."—[See Page 203.]

THE OLD SEAT.—"Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere, we sit together now as then."—[See Page 203.]



"DIOGENES SEEKING AN HONEST MAN."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY SALVATOR ROSA.]

THE CHIEF OF CYNICS.

SALVATOR ROSA, in painting his famous picture illustrating the classical story of DIOGENES, which we reproduce on this page, has accepted the modern version which represents the old cynic as searching for an honest man. Cynical as he was, it is hardly probable that DIOGENES harped much about honesty, as among the earliest of his youthful transactions was a swindling operation by which he debased the coinage of his native land. To escape the punishment for this crime he fled to Athens, where he at once set up as a philosopher. In the original of the legend of his search LAERTIUS says nothing about an honest man, but represents DIOGENES as perambulating the streets of Athens, carrying a lamp, and exclaiming, "I seek a man." He meant undoubtedly by the term a person morally and physically perfect. It was a safe philosophy to profess and a useless search to enter upon. The present-day followers of the old cynic are no wiser in their aspersions or more successful in their search than their old original. The "school of Diogenes" forms a very numerous class in the present day; there are to be found in every society numbers of cynical men who go about doubting virtue, laughing at wisdom, and decrying manhood; but, as a general rule, they have not attained to high character as philosophers, and do not materially retard the advancement of the world. People have come to regard them as a sort of inoffensive evil to be endured, and when one offends with expressions of his doubts he is smiled at and pitied as a dyspeptic.

The chief circumstance which the general public recollects of DIOGENES, besides the incident which we illustrate, is the account of his ordering ALEXANDER THE GREAT to get from between him and the sun. The incident has done very great service in a moral way in illustrating to youthful minds the impotency of the great ones of the earth, but it has also served to give a great many a false notion of the character of the "philosopher of the tub." In the first place, he was a notoriously dissolute youth and a dishonest young scamp. He had to fly from Sinope, where he was born, for complicity with his father in what we would nowadays call counterfeiting. In Athens he found himself very poor, and, making a virtue of necessity, he proclaimed himself a follower of ANTISTHENES, who had established a school which preached the "magnificence of poverty," and the members of which practiced living little better and no cleaner than beasts. LEWIS has summed up DIOGENES's character in the "History of Philosophy," in the following words: "Poor, he was ready to advocate the philosophy of poverty; an outcast, he was ready to separate himself from society; branded with disgrace, he was ready to shelter himself under a philosophy which branded society."

He ridiculed and despised all intellectual pursuits which did not directly and obviously tend to some immediate practical good. He abused literary men for reading about the evils of ULYSSES, and neglecting their own; musicians for stringing the lyre harmoniously while they left their minds discordant; men of science for troubling themselves about the moon and stars, while they neglected what lay immediately before them; orators for learning to say what was right, but not to practice it. On a voyage to Ægina he was taken prisoner by pirates, and carried to Crete to be sold as a slave. Here,

when he was asked what business he understood, he answered, "How to command men." He was purchased by XENIADES of Corinth, over whom he acquired such influence that he soon received from him his freedom, was intrusted with the care of his children, and passed his old age in his house. He died at Corinth at the age of nearly ninety years.

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The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

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APRIL, 1868.
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In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story,*" by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In the year 1846 the writer of this article embarked in the drug business in the city of Philadelphia; and, while thus engaged, made several experiments in regard to the most desirable mode of preparing fluid extracts. His efforts being successful—the articles being approved and used by the medical faculty—he was desirous of placing them before the public; but hesitated for some time before concluding to resort to newspaper advertising, knowing of the prejudices existing against using advertised medicines. But, through the advice of friends and those who had used the preparations, this objection was overcome.

Commencing in a small way, after eighteen years' exertions the popularity of my articles has extended to all parts of the United States, and widely through foreign countries, and this in the face of much opposition. Every means has been resorted to by unprincipled dealers since their merit and success have been known—such as advertising larger bottles at less price, censuring all other preparations, and even copying my advertisements; but I am happy to state that, out of the many who have resorted to this, none have been successful.

Knowing that many may read this article who are unacquainted with me, I append remarks from those of my native city whose names are known in all parts of the world.

For further information, see remarks from largest manufacturing chemists in the world, Journal Pharmacy, Dr. Keyser's letter, Dispensatory, United States, &c.; Professor Dewees' valuable works on the Practice of Physic; Remarks made by the late celebrated Dr. Physic, Philadelphia; Remarks made by Dr. Ephraim McDowal, a celebrated physician, and member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and published in the Transactions of the King and Queen's Journal; Medico-Chirurgical Review, published by Benjamin Travers, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; and most of the Standard Works of Medicine.

A QUESTION TO THE READER.

If you were about to embark in the medicine business, would the merit of our article or your confidence in advertising inspire you so to do, and would you devote years of application without a thorough investigation? I will take upon myself the responsibility of answering this question, although I have heard thousands remark that "all that is necessary is to advertise." I have never yet seen any but would hesitate.

Many intelligent and persevering men have been induced to embark in the business, believing they had this essential element, have expended thousands of dollars in bringing it before the community, to find in a short time that their article was not successful in a majority of cases, and failure was the inevitable consequence.

Advertising does not make merit—it does not make money; however, it makes merit known, and merit makes a reputation and money.

I full well know that there are thousands who are envious of the success of others, and who seldom speak in a complimentary manner of the merits of our article or of the enterprise of any; but I will remark that I do not believe that there is a druggist or physician in the United States, or the world, who, if he had as good a remedy as mine, would hesitate to pursue the same course adopted by me.

My Buchu is not a patent medicine, and I withhold no knowledge of ingredients. The remedy is perfectly safe. My laboratory and the mode of preparation have been inspected by thousands of physicians and druggists who expressed themselves gratified.

The science of medicine, like the Doric column, stands simple, pure, and majestic, having fact for its basis, induction for its pillar, and truth alone for its capital.

I contend there is no business where these qualifications are more requisite, as medicines are brought in contact with the intelligent druggists every where. It is often remarked that that which may benefit one may be of no advantage to another. How mistaken the idea.

A blood-purifier for one is a blood-purifier for all.
A diuretic for one, a diuretic for all.
A narcotic for one, a narcotic for all.
A purgative for one, a purgative for all.

Just as much so as wholesome food for one is wholesome food for all, with no more difference than that some constitutions require more than others, and that persons in disease are given to despondency—expecting in a few days or weeks, and perhaps with a single bottle of medicine, to be restored to health, if not to youth and beauty. These persons seldom recover, lacking patience. They give nothing a fair trial, considering a few dollars expended for the benefit of their health a waste of money. The same individuals may have been years in breaking down their constitutions, and have probably expended thousands of dollars in dress and dissipation, and thought nothing of it. Such forget that good health is true wealth.

With upward of 30,000 recommendatory letters and unsolicited certificates, I have never resorted to their publication. In this case I shall, however, append a few remarks, trusting they may be appreciated.

I am, to afflicted and suffering humanity,
Their humble servant, H. T. HELMBOLD,
Manufacturer of Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

FROM THE LARGEST MANUFACTURING CHEMIST IN THE WORLD.

I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold. He occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman,
Manufacturing Chemists, 9th and Brown Sts., Phila.

A CASE OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 25, 1857.

H. T. HELMBOLD, DRUGGIST:

Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years with gravel and bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu. I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious. In fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs, and juniper-berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination; and with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced to use it about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room.

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect; and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing that then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections. M. MCCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. Wm. Bigler, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Thos. B. Florence, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. Porter, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. Grier, Judge United States Court.
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Philadelphia.
Hon. John Bigler, Ex-Governor of California.
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor-General, Washington, D. C.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

DR. KEYSER is a physician of over thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College, and of the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 11, 1865.

Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir,—In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used, or known to be used, in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, that it has been extensively employed in the various diseases of the bladder and kidneys; and the reputation it has acquired, in my judgment, is warranted by the facts. I have seen and used, as before stated, every form of Buchu—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction, tincture, fluid extracts—and I am not cognizant of any preparation of that plant at all equal to yours. Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits; and, without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others. I value your Buchu for its effect on patients. I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the bladder and kidneys than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietary compound of whatever name.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
GEO. H. KEYSER, M.D., No. 140 Wood Street.

A CASE OF INFLAMMATION OF KIDNEYS AND GRAVEL.

Glasgow, Mo., February 5, 1868.

Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Dear Sir,—About two years ago I was troubled with both inflammatien of the kidneys and gravel, when I resorted to several remedies without deriving any benefit whatever; and, seeing your EXTRACT BUCHU advertised, I procured a few bottles and used them. The result was a *complete cure* in a short time. I regard your EXTRACT BUCHU as decidedly the best remedy extant for any and all diseases of the kidneys, and I am quite confident that it will do all you claim for it. You may publish this if you desire to do so.

Yours respectfully,
EDWIN M. FEAZEL (Morgan, Feazel & Co.).

EXTRACT OF BUCHU.—It is no patent medicine, but simply an extraction of the vital principle of an herb which grows spontaneously at Cape Good Hope, Africa, and of whose medical qualities there is no material difference of opinion as to its virtue in those cases for which it is recommended. Helmbold, the great chemist of New York, only claims for his article a superior mode of extracting the value of the plant and not impair its vital principle. Every one who has visited his mammoth laboratory pronounces it one of the most extensive and complete establishments in the world, and justly regard it a great addition to the science of medicine. He makes no secret of his process, but cordially invites the public to visit his store and see for themselves. If you want a pure and strong extract, buy Helmbold's Buchu and Sarsaparilla.—*Editorial from Daily Advertiser, Boston, Mass.*

N. Y. S. VOL. INSTITUTE,
Cor. 5th Ave. and 76th St., Central Park,
June 16, 1866.

(A home and school for the sons of deceased soldiers.)

Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD:

Two bottles only of the package of your valuable Buchu presented to the Institute have been used by the children, and with perfect success. In the case of our little Lieutenant A. J., his pride is no longer mortified, and he is free from the daily morning anathemas of the chambermaid who has charge of his bedding. I feel that a knowledge of the result of our use of your Buchu with the children under our charge may save many a Superintendent and Matron of Boarding-schools and Asylums a great amount of annoyance; and many a poor child suffering more from *weakness* than habit may be spared punishment that is (not knowing it is a weakness instead of a bad habit) most unjustly inflicted upon them. Thanking you on behalf of the children, and hoping others may be alike benefited, I am respectfully yours,

COL. YOUNG, Genl. Supt. and Director.

UNITED STATES POST HOSPITAL,
Salisbury, N. C., March 16, 1866.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Esq., *Philadelphia, Pa.*:

Dear Sir,—I wish you to send me one dozen of your Sarsaparilla Extract, and half a dozen of your Rose-wash. Allow me to say that your preparations are very satisfactory not only to the practitioner, but also to the patient, and I shall endeavor to bring them to universal use in this part of the country. Please forward these medicines again as before, C.O.D., per express. I am, Sir, very respectfully yours, &c.,

M. F. A. HOFFMAN, Surgeon in charge of Hospital.

CERTIFICATE FROM A DISTINGUISHED MIDWIFE.

Mr. HEMBOLD: *Philadelphia, Aug.* 18, 1865.

Sir,—I have used your Extract Buchu with many of my patients, and can speak of it in the highest terms in every case, and consider it a valuable remedy, and one that should be in the hands of every midwife.

Very truly yours, REBECCA STANTON, M.D.

For the satisfaction of all, see Medical Properties contained in the Dispensatory of the United States, of which the following is a correct copy:

"BUCHU.—Its odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, its taste bitterish, and analogous to that of mint. It is given chiefly in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, morbid irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, diseases of the Prostate, and Retention or the Incontinency of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. It has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy."

TO PHYSICIANS.

New York, Aug. 15, 1865.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo, Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement by liquor obtained from juniper berries, containing very little sugar, a small preparation of spirit, and more palatable than any now in use. The active properties are by this mode extracted.

Buchu, as prepared by druggists generally, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates, the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœia, nor is it a Syrup—and, therefore, can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,

With a feeling of confidence, I am,
Very respectfully, H. T. HEMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of eighteen years' experience in Philadelphia, and now located at his Drug and Chemical Warehouse, No. 594 Broadway, N. Y.

Helmbold's Buchu

IS

MORE STRENGTHENING THAN ANY OF THE PREPARATIONS OF BARK OR IRON.

INFINITELY SAFER AND MORE PLEASANT.

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